

The Improvement **ERA**



OCTOBER, 1934

Volume 37 Number 10

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Salt Lake City, Utah





Elect

DON B. COLTON **United States Senator** **for Utah**

The spirit of the times demands men of action whose ability and integrity are unquestioned.

His record is one of constant service to the people of this state, not to special interests.

VIGOROUS & CAPABLE
PROGRESSIVE

THE COVER

THE cover on the October number of *The Improvement Era* is another made-up picture. Fielding K. Smith, the artist, possessed a small model of one of Christopher Columbus' three ships. He prepared a background for it out of cardboard on which he imitated a cloud-flecked sky. In front of this "sky" he set the model of the ship. The word, "ERA" he had made out of wood an inch or more thick. These he attached to the "sky" in such a manner as to permit them to cast shadows. In front of the ship he arranged some "waves" cut from white and gray cardboard. Then a photograph was taken of the entire picture. That photograph is used as our cover.



"SAIL ON! SAIL ON!"

FIVE DOLLARS FOR A COVER IDEA

IN order to encourage our readers to do some thinking along artist lines, and in order to give those who are deft of finger and artistic of eye a chance to help us, we are offering five dollars for any made-up picture we can use as a cover.

This is the detail: Anybody, professional or amateur, is eligible. This is not a contest; we are merely going to buy some covers if somebody submits something we like. The covers may be made by pasting paper on cardboard, by pasting actual cloth on cardboard or by any method whatsoever. The original piece of work or a photograph of the original may be submitted to us. All entries, if not used, will be returned. Those interested should study our covers and make their layouts in that proportion. Provision should be made for all of the words found on our regular cover as they must go on somewhere, but of course we can have them printed on if a place for them is designated. Some of the national magazines

have used covers such as we suggest and we have used three during the past year—December, 1933, February, and now this October.

Suggestions for February covers should come to us by December 15. They could be built around Valentine Day, Washington's or Lincoln's birthdays or the shortest month in the year. What idea have you? March covers should reach us by January 15—St. Patrick's Day, the Ides of March, March Winds, etc., etc., might serve as motives.

Address all covers or photographs of covers to *The Improvement Era*, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

If you work on a larger scale than the cover of the *Era* you may maintain the proper proportion by drawing a diagonal line through two corners of the *Era* to the size desired. The *Era* cover is about $8\frac{1}{2}$ by $11\frac{1}{2}$.

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A Heroic Figure Passes

**President Anthony
W. Ivins is dead.**

**This friend of all
of the people passed
away September 23,
1934, at the begin-
ning of his eighty-
third year. The Im-
provement Era was
already on the press,
but we knew of the
esteem in which he
was held, and de-
cided to issue this
statement. His pass-
ing will be treated in
the November Num-
ber of this magazine.**

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Volume 37

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY





"SUNNY PATH"—BY JOSEPH F. RUSSON

The Mormon Exhibit

At the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago

For the second year the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has maintained a booth at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. Thousands have paused to hear and see the message as it has been told by the missionaries and pictured by sculptor and artist. Between six and seven thousand people have heard and seen that message daily and have carried away with them ream upon ream of literature to read and ponder in their own homes. The Great Tabernacle Choir, through the fine cooperation of Henry Ford, did its share toward telling the story of the restored Gospel. The following article prepared by one of the missionaries who has been at work in the Northern States Mission and at the Fair explains the exhibit.

AN average of from six to seven thousand people visit the exhibition of the Mormon Church daily at the Century of Progress in Chicago. Many of these were visitors of last year who have returned, bringing their friends with them to hear the impressive story of "Mormonism." It is not just once that many want to hear this story but we find them staying for two consecutive lectures and then asking many interesting questions. This display is attractive to so many because it has to do with every individual of the human family.

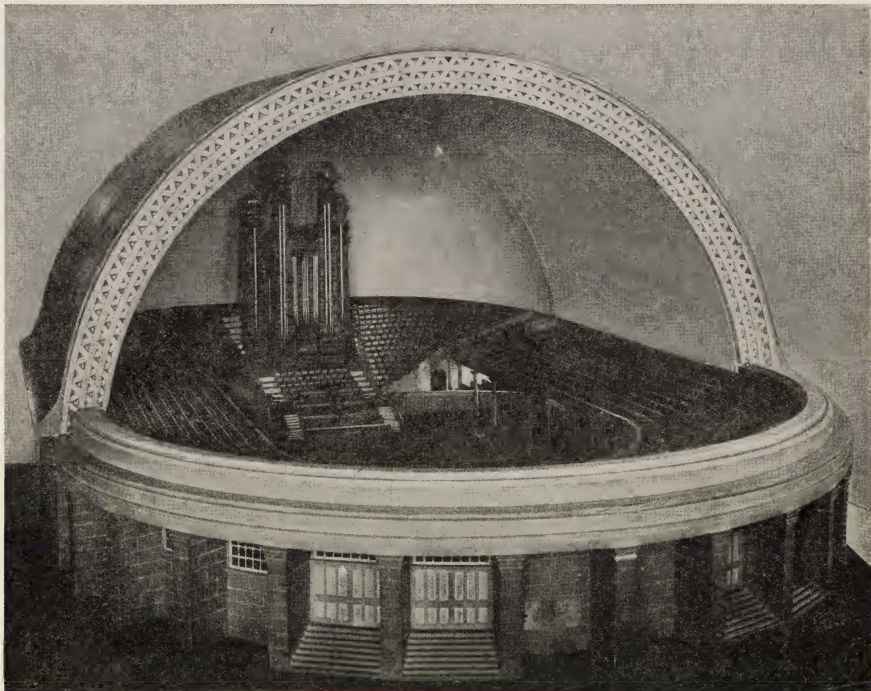
Up to August 15th, 54,000 tracts had been distributed to interested listeners at the Fair.

The exhibit is one-third larger than last year and is so arranged that an interesting progressive story is told from beginning to end. The story of the building of such marvelous structures as the Tabernacle and Temple, in spite of poverty and lack of building facilities, arouses interest. This gives the listener the desire to hear more of the people who could withstand such persecution, intolerance and hardships, and to know what the motivating forces were that inspired them.

The highlights of Mor-

THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE BY NIGHT AS SEEN AT THE EXPOSITION





A MODEL OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE TABERNACLE
ON EXHIBITION IN CHICAGO

central characters of sculpture. The central figure of this group of characters symbolizes "Eternal Progression" and the principle of pre-existent life, and present and future activity. The inscription, "The Glory of God is Intelligence," is written under the outstretched arms of this individual. Behind the central figure may be seen rays which represent radiating energy that is constant in time and space. Beneath the feet of the figure are the symbols, "Sun, Moon, and Stars." These represent the different degrees of glory that each individual of the human race will occupy according to the deeds performed and the motives which prompted the deeds. (See photograph on pp. 608-609.)

The groups of figures on either side of "Eternal Progression" symbolize the steps which mortals take in their march upward. The group to the right represents the work of the social groups; while the groups on the left represent the steps in individual advancement. At the extreme right of the central figure the social-worker is represented.

She holds the basket of plenty and stands ready to render service to the poor by her side. This is symbolical of the "National Women's Relief Society Organization" of the Church. This organization is for the purpose of administering to the sick, poor, and needy and for the education and development of the feminine members.

From the right to the left of this suggested Relief Society is first shown a group of characters which represent health. The child is receiving nourishing foods from the nurse. To the Mormon people this is symbolical of the great importance of the physical body. Clean bodies are essential to clean minds. The Word of Wisdom is the rule of health to the faithful. Spiritual intelligence is not possible to those who defile their bodies. The Spirit of God will not dwell in unholy tabernacles.

Standing next to this is the Scientist studying the changes in his test tube. Mormonism teaches

that all truth from whatever source is part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The truths of Science are a fundamental part of this religion. There can be no conflict between true Science and true Religion. All theories may not be thoroughly understood but apparent conflicts serve to stimulate to greater intellectual effort, because the investigator is sure that further knowledge will bring harmony. Therefore, with the Scientist is shown the Teacher of religious truth. This is representative of our world-wide missionary organization. For anyone to teach the Gospel to the world he must be commissioned by one having authority. This authority is known as, "The Priesthood of God," and is bestowed by the laying on of hands. This is symbolized by the figure representing the Melchizedek Priesthood bestowing the office and calling of a Deacon, in the Aaronic Priesthood, upon the lad who kneels before him. The Mormon people believe in mass participation, thus, doing away with the salaried ministry.

If faithful to the Gospel message all male members, from 12 years of age until death overtakes them, are given different duties to perform. It is a progressive scale. As one matures in years and diligence he has greater duties given him. Responsibility is the keynote to success and good citizenship.

With his foot firmly planted upon the foundation of truth is shown a character holding the books of revelation: "The Bible," "Book of Mormon," "Doctrine and Covenants," and the "Pearl of Great Price." Not only are all four of these books important to the Church and Organization, but Latter-day Saints are expectantly looking forward to further revelation pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

The first group to the left of the central figure is the Family.

The father with his feet firmly planted on the foundation of Love holds a child in his arms. The mother stands with her arm over the shoulder of her son, a Boy Scout. Of all the enduring ties that bind people together in happiness and security the Mormon home is one of the most beautiful. Security and peace abound and abide. Members of the family are sealed together by ties that continue not only through life, but through eternity. Here in the home all the virtues are instilled into the many children who come to Mormon parents, and the power of enduring affection does much to shield them from the evils of this world.

The last four figures at the left of the Family group represent Cre-

ative Recreation. These suggest the love for music, art, literature, drama, etc. They also represent the auxiliary organizations of the Church which are established for the purpose of giving opportunities of expression to young and old alike, and afford the development of the talents within them.

For those who are interested in the history of the Church and the hardships encountered by these people there are Mural paintings of: "Nauvoo the Beautiful, Exodus from Nauvoo, Winter Quarters, The March Across the Plains, The Handcart Company, The Encampment on the Plains, The Mormon Battalion, Entering Salt Lake Valley, The First Irrigation, Winter in the Valley, and Salt Lake City as it is today." An interesting story

(Continued on page 608)

NEW LIFE AND NEW FRONTIERS
BY AVARD FAIRBANKS





WELBY KEMP BENT CLOSER TO THE BANDAGED FIGURE ON THE BED: "I WASN'T WITH ANYONE, JANET; I'VE JUST BEEN WITH YOU."

JANET looked up and saw the nurses hovering near her, and heard the young doctor murmuring, "It's been a serious accident. A very serious accident. It may be some time before she gains consciousness."

Janet tried to rise up and cry out, "I'm not hurt, really I'm not. You're just imagining things."

But she couldn't seem to make them hear her. The doctor went on, "The important thing is keeping her quiet. A shock's as harmful as the injuries themselves."

The nurses nodded and the doctor looked at his watch and started for the door. "I'll be back in half an hour," he said, and they nodded again. Then he went out. In a few moments they followed him—all but one. She stationed herself by the door.

It was ridiculous, Janet thought, that they should be so concerned about her. She wasn't hurt. Really she wasn't. Why she had never felt better in her life. Of course she had been in an accident.

But she was glad of the accident, glad the road had leaped up to meet her when she turned that curve, though it stabbed her with a white-hot knife of pain and sent her staggering into blackness. For she had emerged from the blackness with her mind cleared of the indecision that had clogged her thoughts all

When our crisis comes, do we really need someone who cares to pull for us? Janet found that being famous is not the same as being loved. Others, perhaps, have found that out, too.

these weeks. She had no more doubts, no questions. And she saw the course she must follow stretching before her as a straight and shining path. She could hardly wait to tell Welby. When would she see him? But he didn't know she was here. She turned to the nurse. But the nurse was gone. Impatiently, then, she pulled the cord by her bed. Another nurse appeared at the door.

"Call Canfield 8706. Tell Welby Kemp I must see him at once."

"We can call him, but you can't see him before the visiting hour."

"Oh dear. * * How long will that be?"

"Another hour. Visiting hours begin at six."

"Well then, call him and tell him to be here by six."

"Very well."

THE nurse went out. Janet lay back and stared at the blank white walls and thought some more. She would have liked to get out of bed and make believe this room was a stage and then go to acting. But of course she couldn't do it. They'd think she was delirious and set three or four of

those dreadful nurses to watching her and give her something with a needle to keep her still. So she lay very quiet and bit her lips when her voice clattered to be heard and clutched the bed when she wanted to get up.

Welby came at six. He stumbled in, his great frame shrunken, his face like burned out ashes. He dropped down beside the bed.

"Janet dear, what has happened? Why didn't they tell me before?"

Janet laughed her charming little laugh and pushed him away.

"There was nothing to tell you, Welby, nothing. I'm not hurt, really."

"But you might have been killed."

"But I wasn't. Now Welby, don't look so tragic. I'm glad it happened."

"Glad it happened. * * And you might have been killed. Janet I don't understand you."

"Well, I can't explain it exactly, but it's made me see the future so clearly. You know how undecided I've been about our future, Welby. Now, suddenly, I'm not undecided any more. I know exactly what I must do."

BRIGHT BAUBLES

By
MARY C.
HATCH

Welby reached out his arms. "Oh Janet, you mean—"

Janet pulled away. "No, Welby, not that way. I mean I have to go on with my work and give you up."

His arms dropped. "You mean you won't marry me, Janet?"

"Yes, Welby. Oh, I still love you. I'll always love you. But when I have to choose between my dramatic work and you, I see suddenly that I have to go on with my work and give you up."

"But — but, Janet." His voice tripped over itself. "You don't have to do any choosing. Being married wouldn't interfere with your ambitions. You could go on just the same. I'd never interfere."

Janet raised her eyebrows. "I must study some more. Where would I get the money if I were married. Uncle Jans wouldn't give it to me."

"I'd give you every cent I could make."

Janet shook her head on the pillow. "You couldn't make enough for me Welby. Not in an insurance office. And anyway, I couldn't see you very often. I'd be in the East most of the time. There's no place here could teach me any more."

Welby jumped up. His eyes blazed. "And then you say you love

me, Janet. You don't love me or all that wouldn't matter."

Janet smoothed the spread with a cool little hand. "Yes, I do love you, Welby. It's you who don't love me except with a selfish love. You want me for yourself. But you can't have me. If I had no talent it would be different. But I am talented and I can't spend my entire life merely complimenting

your ego. It wouldn't be fair to me. It wouldn't be fair to the world.

Welby glared. "A lot the world cares about you, Janet. But you're not thinking of the world, Janet. You're out for a bright bauble, a bright Christmas-tree bauble, called fame."

Janet laughed again. "Well, even Christmas-tree baubles are beautiful, Welby. They're gorgeous and beautiful."

"Yes they're gorgeous and beautiful. But they're cheap. They smash at a touch. And then all you've got is a handful of worthless enamel slivers."

Janet yawned. "Don't get dramatic, Welby, please."

"Dramatic, nothing. I'm just telling you the plain truth, Janet."

"Whatever it is, I don't want to hear it. And anyway, fame isn't my only reason for going on with my dramatic work. I've got ability. And I owe it to the world to do something big."

Welby shook his head. "But the world won't appreciate anything you do, Janet."

"Oh yes it will. I'll work so hard."

"The world isn't interested in your efforts. It wants something to play with. You can be its plaything if you want to. But even that won't last long. And then for all your efforts you'll be discarded like a broken toy."

Janet put her hands to her ears. "Do stop talking, Welby. I'm sick of listening to you. I know what I'm going
(Continued on page 630)
JANET TURNED AWAY. BLACKNESS BEGAN TO CLOSE OVER HER.





ELBERT
HUBBARD

ELBERT HUBBARD

Elbert Hubbard, on account of his epigrammatical style and his free and able thinking, became an important figure in American life, for the reason that he drew to him disciples from all walks of life and particularly from among the social reformers. His "Little Journeys" have been enjoyed by thousands.

Jack Sears, a Utah artist known for his versatile pencil, made an extended visit at the Hubbard place in East Aurora where he became intimately acquainted with the Roycrofters. Because an artist always tries to see people "under the skin," Mr. Sears is well qualified to speak of this man who became a victim of the nefarious submarine in the World War.

MY first personal contact with Elbert Hubbard was early in 1914, when in connection with a large printing job of a deluxe book, I sent him a good sized check, and in this letter I made a pen sketch of Mr. Hubbard orating. The most enthusiastic letter came back, with the request I redraw the sketch large enough for a cover design for his widely read Magazine "The Philistine." In returning this request drawing I illustrated my letter from beginning to end with small sketches, most of these drawings being little action pictures of Hubbard.

The exchange of letters and my delight with the beautiful printing of the Roycrofters, brought us into close association, and ere long we were Pals-de-pencil. This was a fade-in of friendship that was to endure. One day there came an invitation from Mr. Hubbard, inviting me to be his guest for a day at East Aurora, which I accepted.

Immediately after Elbert Hubbard's death in the Irish Sea, May 7, 1915, aboard the Lusitania, editors in New York who knew how near I had been to this great man, asked me to write my impressions for the newspapers and magazines, but I was too close to him then, for the loss of such a personality was too keen a shock for anyone who admired Mr. Hubbard

to write anything worthy of this genial genius. Over the years I have made notes, and many times during the past nineteen years have looked at my multitude of sketches made at East Aurora, and as I have walked to and from my studio I have thought of my wonderful and inspiring association with Elbert Hubbard, during the last half of 1914.

On a certain hot day during the summer of 1914, I was seated on a bootblack stand, having my shoes shined, in Buffalo, New York. It was 12 o'clock, noon, and the factory whistles were blowing, and out of the clear came scores of excited newsboys, running up the street, crying, "Extra, Extra, England declares war on Germany!" In a few minutes I was to board a train for East Aurora, New York, eighteen miles southeast of Buffalo, to go to the home of the Roycrofters, founded by Elbert Hubbard. Arriving at the Roycroft Inn, I was told the Fra was out in the field working.

THE FRA IN HIS STUDY—1914
This cartoon and others caused Mr. Hubbard to abandon the string on his head

After walking some distance I found Mr. Hubbard engaged in pulling weeds for the pigs, for of all the animals he owned he seemed to have a greater disposition to look after the welfare of his pigs, than any other of his animal possessions, but rest assured none of them were neglected. Mr. Hubbard met me with a broad smile and a warm handshake, and true to his friendly form, he called me "Jack."





PIGS IS PIGS AT ROYCROFT

AS I KNEW HIM

By JACK SEARS

*With Illustrations made at East
Aurora, N. Y., by the Author*

Said he, "Is there anything new in regard to the Big Rump over in Europe?"

I handed him the copy of the paper published in Buffalo with its big headlines.

HE looked at the paper and did not utter a word for fully five minutes. All the while I stood to one side sketching him, and so engrossed was Mr. Hubbard I do not think he was aware of what I was doing. As I studied this great man, and noted the play of expression over his face, I was thrilled to a great enthusiasm. Finally as Mr. Hubbard let the newspaper drop gently from his gaze, he stood looking into space as if visualizing a great happening, and since the tragic fate he met in mid-ocean I have since wondered if he was really thinking then that he would be drawn into the great World War. As I was to be his guest, Mr. Hubbard immediately left with me and we went over and looked at his cows, the strawberry patch, and other things of interest.

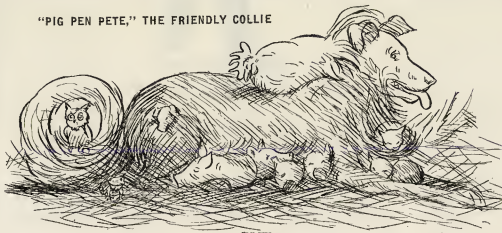
As we visited, Mr. Hubbard told me about the Collie dog, around which he wrote his book "Pig Pen Pete." He said he wanted me to meet this dog because he had picked me out to illustrate the second edition of "Pig Pen Pete," the first edition of 25,000 being about sold out.

As we went out into the open country to go to the Inn, Pig Pen Pete, the Collie dog, came bounding up to Mr. Hubbard and nearly knocked him over. He patted the dog, and roughed him around and

played with him for several minutes, as he was very fond of this dog.

Mr. Hubbard said, "You know, Jack, this dog of ours has a history. When he was a little pup his mother died and we hardly knew what to do with him. Ali Baba, the wise gent whom you will meet later, suggested we give

"PIG PEN PETE," THE FRIENDLY COLLIE



the puppy to an old sow, which had a litter of little pigs to raise. Well, the old pig took to the idea and adopted the pup and gave him more attention than she did her own, and Pig Pen Pete grew fast, fat and strong, and became a great defender of all pigs.

"The dog thinks more of a pig than anything around Roycroft, and let a stray dog or other animal come near, and he is at once upon them, and driving them away."

Elbert Hubbard, browned from contact with nature, which he loved, always walked and stood as erect as an Indian. And his dignified being radiated inspiration, faith in himself and his fellowmen, and a desire for worthwhile achievement. His was a noble character, and Hubbard worked and played at the height of his enthusiasm. His dark, sparkling eyes looked as if they could pierce through solid steel, and yet they

could give one the kindest look I have ever seen in anyone's eyes. This fine pair of knowing eyes sparkled in animation and they missed nothing worth seeing; they looked at one squarely and convincingly.

Hubbard's long black hair played gracefully around his head, and when he placed that broad brimmed black Stetson on his head he was an inspiration for any artist.

ELBERT HUBBARD was a great personality—a genius who was not afraid to do things in his own way. He had the posture of an Indian and was at 59 years of age the time I knew him, vigorous in body and in mind. He moved as surely and swiftly as a trained college athlete, and loved life and what it gave him. He inspired people to love life and to get a lot out of it, and he valued his time as too precious to waste. He made use of and paid for the contributions of others whose minds were not so well organized as his own and he found a use for everything created.

Before my first visit to East Aurora, I had heard a lot about the Roycroft shops, and the founder, Elbert Hubbard. As I had many opportunities to be with Mr. Hubbard during my second visit of several months, I got a pretty clear first hand picture of the man, and I learned from his own lips about his ups and downs, his failures and his success. And as Mr. Hubbard and I walked together over country road, or rode horseback, I caught the Roycroft spirit and was thrilled.

As I felt honored to be with Elbert Hubbard I tried to fit into the picture in a way pleasing to him. Sometimes as we walked together, he would like to talk, then again he would hardly say a word.

Mr. Hubbard might be riding along beside you, and suddenly he would stop his horse, slip to the ground, reach into his pocket for

one of his many stubby pencils which he always carried, extract from another pocket his little yellow pad. If Mr. Hubbard was in a hurry to jot down his thoughts, he would place the pad against the saddle or a tree, and would be lost to the world. Luckily there was one man who could decipher these scribbings, otherwise many an idea would have been lost. Many things Hubbard scribbled, and he was at it all the time, he could hardly read himself, but John T. Hoyle, editor of the *Fra*, could do the trick.

MR. Hubbard liked to talk of his work of stopping the mad rush of young people from the country side to the cities. His influence was great in turning the tide from city to country. He made things attractive for the growing youth. Elbert Hubbard gave the country youngster genial employment, opportunity for education, and beautiful recreation, all the while holding before him art and things beautiful. One could not talk long to Mr. Hubbard without finding out that he knew all boys, and girls too, want to use their hands—like to make things.

Elbert Hubbard helped the youths to find their talents and he kept them busy and happy. He kept them at home and the youngsters had no desire to go to Buffalo, Chicago, or New York to seek their fortunes. In this did he help the youths at East Aurora, and they in turn helped him, and all were mutually happy.

Hubbard knew that happy people are those who work. He also knew hoodlumism is born of idleness—"useful energy gone to seed," as he put it; that hoodlumism is the first step in the direction of crime, and that "a good hoodlum is often a good boy who does not know just what to do, and usually does the wrong thing." The Roycroft idea supplied girl and boy, and all who joined them with constructive work to do. This was not just a theory with them, but a reality; it had worked, and I saw with my own eyes the fruits of just what the Roycrofters have done to help hundreds of people. Hubbard told people to look up not down; he helped people to help themselves—to be themselves—their better selves; and to have individual ideas. One of

Elbert Hubbard's sayings was, when anyone tried to kill enthusiasm for an idea he thought good: "Fences are made for those who cannot fly!"

Elbert Hubbard valued time, which waits for no man; not only his own time but the time of others. He had the nicest, smoothest way of dismissing people, and rarely offended. Even pests, with nothing to offer, he dismissed with



ELBERT HUBBARD INTERESTED

a feeling in their hearts that they were indeed important cogs in the wheel of civilization. I admired Mr. Hubbard's ability to make use of people and materials in a constructive way. Seemingly worthless cobblestones were converted into beautiful buildings, fences, and other things useful. Dead and



PIG PEN PETE'S ADOPTED MOTHER

knotty trees were fashioned into furniture and bridges. Hubbard could take a group of people of different ages and talents, place them in work they could do and pay for their services. Men and women going around in circles and getting nowhere were properly placed.

Around East Aurora one could see thousands of bushels of apples

going to waste, but not on Mr. Hubbard's land did anything waste. Skunks which might destroy chickens were corralled, cared for, the skins used for furs, and the carcasses for fodder. So-called useless apple seeds were fed to chickens.

Mr. Hubbard was a man who gave no quarter to things poorly done and there was no room in this man's scheme of things that would tolerate things of a mediocre nature. This apostle of the fitness of things knew values and had the nerve and the ability to throw away worthless stuff. Elbert Hubbard was never namby-pamby—never negative—but always positive.

Mr. Hubbard wrote, "To wear a hat or clothes like everybody else is to outwardly acknowledge that your head thinks the same thoughts that other heads think."

ONE would imagine a man who would have such strong opinions as Hubbard, could not be made to do a thing he did not care to do—could not be influenced, but I know as a fact where a pencil and pad controlled by an artist—myself, made Mr. Hubbard untie a shoe-string from around his head, put there to keep his hair from doing gymnastics while riding horseback. Several cartoons had touched a rather tender spot and finally Mr. Hubbard left the string off for good.

It was near the close of day, and soft mellow light from a glorious sunset played over the landscape, causing a beautiful continuity of dancing shadows. A small group were gathered in a cozy nook of the Roycroft Inn. The question discussed was, "Why is Elbert Hubbard such a Success?" A lady from Boston said it was Hubbard's great energy. Another thought Hubbard's gift of concentration, responsible. A wise old sage, who talked little and listened a lot, said in his opinion Elbert Hubbard's greatness was due to secrecy.

"Have you noticed," he continued, "Mr. Hubbard never goes around saying what he's going to do—he does it, and lets results do the talking. For instance, analyze his article, 'A Message to Garcia,' which has been translated into about every language—millions of copies printed. This story was

(Continued on page 625)

Glimpsed in a Flash

By

DR. STERLING B.
TALMAGE

PART II

What Difference Does It Make?

RECENTLY I visited a Bible class conducted by a teacher who was lacking in imagination.

He prided himself on the fact that his class work consisted largely of open discussion. But he made no effort to direct the discussion; he let it wander where it would. The session that I visited was characterized, not by any excellence or intelligence in the discussion, but merely by the durability of two rather inept discussers.

The topic for the day was the conversion of Paul. The two champion "arguers" went into action. One maintained that Paul's companions had seen but not heard the light at the time of his conversion, and quoted Acts 22:9 to prove it; the other stoutly insisted that Paul's companions had heard but not seen the divine manifestations, basing his argument on Acts 9:7. Every time one of them would sit down, the other would rise, and, in slightly different wording, repeat what he had already said.

Finally, I fear somewhat disgustedly, I interjected into the discussion a single question: "What difference does it make?" I was favored with a blank and astonished stare, followed by an embarrassed silence. The teacher seemed at a loss; my question had thrown the discussion out of its well-oiled groove. Apparently nobody in the class had ever stopped to wonder whether the subject matter of their discussions made any difference or not.

Here is one of the few outright

contradictions in the scripture. Did Paul's companions see or hear the phenomena that accompanied his conversion? The Bible says they did, and the Bible says they did not. But whether or no, it would seem to make no difference with relation to the sincerity of Paul's previous persecution of the Christians, the thoroughness of his conversion, the zeal of his missionary work, or the strength of his testimony. All of these fine lessons were lost in arguing over one non-essential detail.

And if that detail is of no consequence our belief regarding that detail is even less important. Whatever happened to Paul's companions, happened; it is now a matter of ancient history. No belief of mine can rob Paul's companions of the vision if they saw it, and no belief of yours can make it visible to them if they did not. Our beliefs cannot change the fact, whether we know it or not.

I have been surprised to find how many controversial points of belief in accomplished facts or events can be clarified by asking: "What difference does it make? I have been more surprised to find how often the answer must be: "Not a bit."

But questions regarding belief in fundamental principles belong in a totally different category.

* * *

Propaganda and Truth

SOME years ago I had to spend several hours, between trains, in a town where I was not acquainted. Merely to spend the evening, I attended a lecture on "The Value of Vegetables in Human Diet," which seemed preferable to the rather poor theatrical offerings listed for that day. The lecture was good; the speaker knew his subject, and stuck to it.

But the chairman of the meeting was an ardent vegetarian; he undertook to supplement the lecture on the value of vegetables with

The man, or woman, who reads these bits of wisdom and philosophy carefully will have a method of approach to troublesome questions which will aid him all the remainder of his life.

some remarks of his own on the evils of meat-eating.

He pointed out that for a man in sedentary occupation the excessive eating of meat might bring on gastric disturbances and high blood pressure; although he seemed a little over-emphatic, this was unobjectionable.

But as he warmed up, his prejudices got the best of him. He said: "No heavy meat-eater ever accomplished anything worth while, either mental or physical." I found that objectionable, because I knew it was not true; I had heard Dr. Viljalmar Steffanson and Dr. Lauge Koch, both famous explorers, recount superhuman accomplishments in the Arctic, on a diet that, of necessity, consisted exclusively of meat.

The chairman continued: "When we eat meat, we partake of the nature of the beast we eat. He who eats pig becomes pigified." I had had a pork chop for my dinner, but I felt no twinge of conscience. I knew his statement was not true.

He even objected to the eating of eggs and milk, as animal products; he waxed sentimental, and said: "The feeding of cow's milk to human beings is a species of highway robbery—stealing from poor, helpless little calves the food that is theirs by right." Any farmer boy knows that a milch cow produces long after her calf passes the suckling stage, and so could brand that statement as untrue.

He said further: "When we eat meat, we lower ourselves to the level of the carnivorous beasts, and place ourselves on an equality with the hyenas and the jackals." I knew that was not true. I have a dog that eats as much meat as I do; but, without conceit, I can class myself as his superior in some respects.

We were invited to "consider the superiority of the noble horse or the intelligent elephant over the

(Continued on page 603)



G. OTT ROMNEY, COUGAR MENTOR

YOUR dictionary will tell you that an athlete is one skilled in acts or feats of physical strength or agility, or one who participates in public games. It's pretty easy to come under that general head.

But to be a real athlete is something very different. The truly great athlete is distinguished from the garden-variety team-member or the average participant who is awarded a monogram for his devotion to the athletic welfare of his Alma Mater. He possesses a "plus" which, like college spirit, boarding-house hash, love, personality and happiness, is one of those "indefinable somethings." It is that without which all the rest is commonplace.

Without overtaxing the imagination or developing any mental "charley-horses" one may list the ingredients which, in usual quantities, well-stirred, produce the average participant in games which attract untotaled millions to gymnasiums, stadiums, public squares and arenas, to get unbridled emotional exercise and swap uncoppy-righted opinions. Put down muscular coordination, a fair degree of physical vigor, decent nervous control and poise, physical gameness, intestinal fortitude and moral

WHAT MAKES AN

Allow this trainer of athletes, this athlete in his own right, to answer his own question: "What Makes An Athlete?" You may discover that the same things which make an athlete make a great preacher, a great general, a great leader of any kind.

courage, a short reaction period, some athletic instinct and some experience, tutoring and rehearsal in the specialists—add a dash of love for the game—and there you have it. If you want a football passer and pass receiver, you had better require that his hands be rather large. If he is to be a basketball forward, he will need effective peri-

pheral vision. And so on endlessly. Each specialist must have his particular accessories. But still we have not guaranteed a super-athlete.

Perhaps it is the excess charge of the battery or, perhaps, the nature of the battery itself which lifts him out of the sands of mediocrity.

I choose to call this additional



LEFT TO RIGHT: TONY BENTLEY, V. DISTANCE RUNNER; ELWOOD ROMNEY, ALL AMERICAN FORWARD; CHRISTENSEN, U. OF UTAH ALL AMERICAN



By G. OTT ROMNEY

ATHLETE?

quality, this distinguishing "plus," an inflammability of spirit. To me it is the ability of the imagination and the soul to catch afire and to burn with a hot, red glow. It is the susceptibility of the elements of personality to violent explosion under challenging conditions. With it, men ordinarily average and commonplace rise to heights. They express themselves in heroic deeds. They fatten on adversity. They welcome big challenges. They do their best and a little more in a crisis. They thrive on "tough-going."

It is just this quality which makes a Jonas, not simply a skillful diagnostician of plays and a hard tackler and a good blocker, but an athlete who solves situations with greatest efficiency, tackles hardest and blocks most wisely in a pinch when it is most difficult to do and yet counts most. It makes a Christenson plunge most viciously, kick farthest, and pass most cunningly when it pays the greatest dividend. It enables a Parkinson to dribble most brilliantly around the best opposition in the tightest period of the most critical game, feint most cleverly and pass to the right teammate in the right spot or toss a hair-raising unorthodox field goal which, mayhap, settles the issue.

LET me be specific and tell a few tales of real athletes it has been my good fortune to have on teams which I have coached.

Take the case of Frank Hatfield, for instance. Frank was always at his best in a pinch. He captained both the football and basketball teams at Montana State College and made All-Rocky Mountain honor teams in both sports. His

last basketball game found his Bobcats pitted against the Montana University Grizzlies in a contest in which the Cats needed victory to clinch the State title. But the Cats had left their basket eyes in the dresser drawer and only a dogged defensive enabled them to end the first half with a 12-6 lead. In the second half only a single long goal and a pair of free throws by "Hattie's" team dispelled the be-



LEFT TO RIGHT: PARKINSON, AGGIE STAR FORWARD; FLOYD MILLETT, V. FORWARD; VAL GLYN, BOBCAT WONDER MAN; "SIMBA" THORN, V. FULLBACK



lief of the home folks that a phantom lid covered the Cat basket.

Gradually the "U" cut down the lead. With five minutes to go the score was 16-15 for the Bobcats. Desperate measures were necessary. Hatfield took the game in his own hands and with the greatest spasm of sustained defensive play, ball rustling, and canny possession of the ball I have yet seen he kept the opposition attack confined to three or four hurried long tosses and almost single-handed gave his institution another championship as a parting gesture. But by then the fans and his mates always expected super-performances of Frank—when they were necessary.

And Valery Glynn, another Bobcat. There, if one may use a sporting parlance, was a "money" player. He, also, was selected All-Rocky Mountain in both football and basketball, and he was great enough in baseball to pitch A. A. ball for the San Francisco Seals. In go-as-you-please affairs when victory was cheap Glynn would either pass unnoticed, buried in mediocrity, or call attention to himself by his apparent indifference, if not downright laziness. But when the stakes were high and the situations critical, he became a man possessed, a giant athlete. From the flood of dramatic episodes in which he scintillated on gridiron, court and diamond, rises the occasion of a crucial basketball game on a foreign court.

"Cat" Thompson and "Pop" Ward, both destined to become All-American choices, were just breaking in and were far from the polished wizards they became. "Brick" Breeden, equally as effective as the other two, was Glynn's mate on the guard line. Captain Winner had spirit in keeping with his name and was a steady, useful cog in a strong machine. To the winner of this particular game, it was obvious, would eventually go the Rocky Mountain championship. Nine minutes left to play. The Bobcats eleven points in arrears. The issue apparently settled—but for Glynn.

He prevailed on the captain to take time out. He took the situation in his own hands. Out of the fervent, inspired conference in that huddle emerged a reborn team. It was Glynn who tossed the first goal, a thriller from deep court. It

The Frontispiece

By ALICE MERRILL HORNE

JOSEPH F. RUSSON, the painter of Sunny Path used as frontispiece for the October Era, is a lover of Utah mountain scenery. Mr. Russon paints landscape and still life equally well, though he, perhaps, is most happy doing still life. We remember some delicious walnuts aptly introduced in a choice still life, while flowers, both wild and cultivated, blossom gratefully on his canvasses. Mr. Russon is a teacher of art, in fact, is head of the Art Department of the East High School. He is father of a family of art lovers and artists. Each of three sons, Kay, Weston and Stanley, is gifted to a degree in the lines they each pursue.

Mr. Russon is of the old school. Born in Lehi, taught by E. H. Eastmond of the Brigham Young University and instructed by George Bridgman, Wm. Chase, Kenyon Cox, Frank Vincent Du Mond, at the Art Student's League of New York, and student of art exhibits in the public museums of England, Mr. Russon has gone far on the art teacher's highway. Hundreds have enjoyed his art classes.

Mr. Russon married Lillian Repton, a gracious English lady, who shares his interest in the art life. Mr. Russon has painted on both the Atlantic seaboard and the Pacific coast, besides picturing the forests and glades of Utah's marvelous mountain scenes such as this subject for the Frontispiece painted near Brighton, Utah.

was Glynn who captured the next tip-off and started the ball goalward. Now all five of the players were afire. The gun—and the "Cats" had won by one point the decisive game which sent them on their way to three consecutive Conference titles and a national reputation as one of the outstanding college teams in the history of the sport.

FLASHES next across my memory in this panorama of key-



JONAS, U. of U. ALL-AMERICAN CENTER

performers in dramatic roles the kinky top-knot of "Curly" Gardner, a Utahn through his high school days, who was dedicated to the proposition that his teams were best and were meant to win, and who helped make them win because he had the will to do. He was quarterback on a Montana State College team in another of these do-or-die contests in which victory promised to be sweet beyond words and defeat unthinkable. The half ended with the Cats ahead 6-0. Late in the third quarter Gardner, who was doing the punting, as well as the generaling, gambled on his own 40 yard line until fourth down before kicking out. The pass from center was out of reach, but Gardner, realizing the desperation of the situation and being an athlete who granted no quarter, recovered the ball and attempted to evade a fast charging line man to kick out of danger. His foot missed the ball entirely and another opponent scooped up the ball and crossed the chalk-lines for a touchdown. Under the rules of that year it was legal for a defensive man to advance with a recovered fumble.

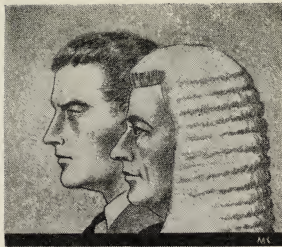
The score was tied. Gardner was chagrined and tormented beyond words. Hot tears streamed down his cheeks, but he was not crestfallen. His spirit had not surrendered. He rushed up to his captain and plead and urged and demanded that the captain elect to receive the next kick-off, for, as Gardner finally convinced him—"We can get that score back immediately, if I have to do it myself."

This choice was definitely against my pre-game instructions. Because of our decidedly strong defensive, our strong kicking game, and our none too smooth offensive, and the added fact that it was a perfectly calm day, I had ordered the captain to kick off whenever the opportunity afforded. But there they were lined up to receive the kick off and I was standing up on the bench vigorously shaking my head. No one paid heed. The ball was in the air headed definitely for Gardner on the 20 yard line. He had it in his grasp and was away like a mad man. His mates wedged a nice opening and he was through the first line. There he

(Continued on page 632)

The OLD BAILEY

By
J. MARINUS
JENSEN



YES, sir!"
"Yes, sir!"
"Yes, sir!"

The sharp challenge in quick succession of three stalwart officers of the law brought to a standstill three tourists who were unceremoniously passing through the doorway of the Old Bailey, celebrated in history and story as the great criminal court of England. Somewhat abashed by the affirmative-negative reception, and brought to a realization that they were in conventional old England and not free-and-easy America, the would-be entrants apologized, and setting forth that they were tourists from the other side of the Atlantic, expressed a desire to visit the Old Bailey. A change in the demeanor of the officers at once took place and the challenging attitude gave way to a fine courtesy. While one of their number went to secure from the proper official permission for the visitors to enter the court room, another invited them to inspect the objects of interest in the hallway.

The incident is of more than passing significance in that it typifies not only the spirit of conventionality but of respect for law and order, the outgrowth of centuries of character-forming history. That spirit, too, is reflected in the present structure of the Old Bailey, opened in 1905, and known officially as the Central Criminal Court.

It is an imposing block erected at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds. Over the main entrance is a sculptured group by Pomeroy representing the Recording Angel, supported by Fortitude and Truth. Below these figures is a motto taken from the seventy-second Psalm, Prayer Book version, "Defend the children of the poor and punish the wrong doer." Surmounting the structure is a copper-covered

dome, 195 feet high, on which stands a large bronze figure of Justice.

This stately building was preceded by a number of less imposing structures, all taking the name, Old Bailey, from the fact that the original was located in the bailey or outer court of the city wall. Adjoining the Old Bailey and closely identified with it was Newgate prison, originally built in 1218 in the portal of the new gate of the city, hence the name. In 1903 the Newgate prison was finally demolished, the stones of the historic structure being used in the construction of the Central Criminal Court.

But neither the present structure, nor any that preceded it is truly the Old Bailey. The real Old Bailey is an institution, identified perhaps in buildings, but manifest more in the spirit and deeds of a great institution—an institution which through stress and struggle has given us prison reforms, and through law and order has evolved justice tempered with mercy.

THAT the Old Bailey had not reached a high standard at the time of the French Revolution would appear from the account Dickens gives us in his *Tale of Two Cities*, in which he sets forth that 'the jail was a vile place, in which most kinds of debauchery and villainy were practised, and where dire diseases were bred, that came into court with the prisoners, and sometimes rushed straight from the dock at my Lord Chief Justice himself, and pulled him off the bench. It had more than once happened, that the judge in the black cap pronounced his own doom as certainly as the prisoner's, and even died before him. Altogether, the Old Bailey, at that date, was a choice illustration of

the precept, that 'whatever is, is right;' an aphorism that would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was, was wrong."

Among the objects of interest in the Old Bailey Hallways to attract the visitor's attention are the statues of a number of royal personages. There are Queen Mary, sometimes referred to as "Bloody Mary;" three Stuart Kings, James I, Charles I, and Charles II; and two later monarchs, William II and William III. But of greater significance than any of these are the statues of two great prison reformers, John Howard and Elizabeth Fry. Howard, it will be remembered, did much to eliminate jail fever through reforms in prison sanitation, and to free innocent prisoners and those who had been detained beyond their term of imprisonment but were held for payment of prison expenses, by paying salaries to jailors. Elizabeth Fry did much to alleviate the condition of women prisoners, whom she found huddled together in a crowded and most unsanitary condition, without employment, without night clothes or bed clothes, sleeping on the bare floor, cooking and washing, eating and sleeping in the same apartment. At first, through her influence, clothing was supplied, then a school was established, a matron appointed, and other reforms effected.

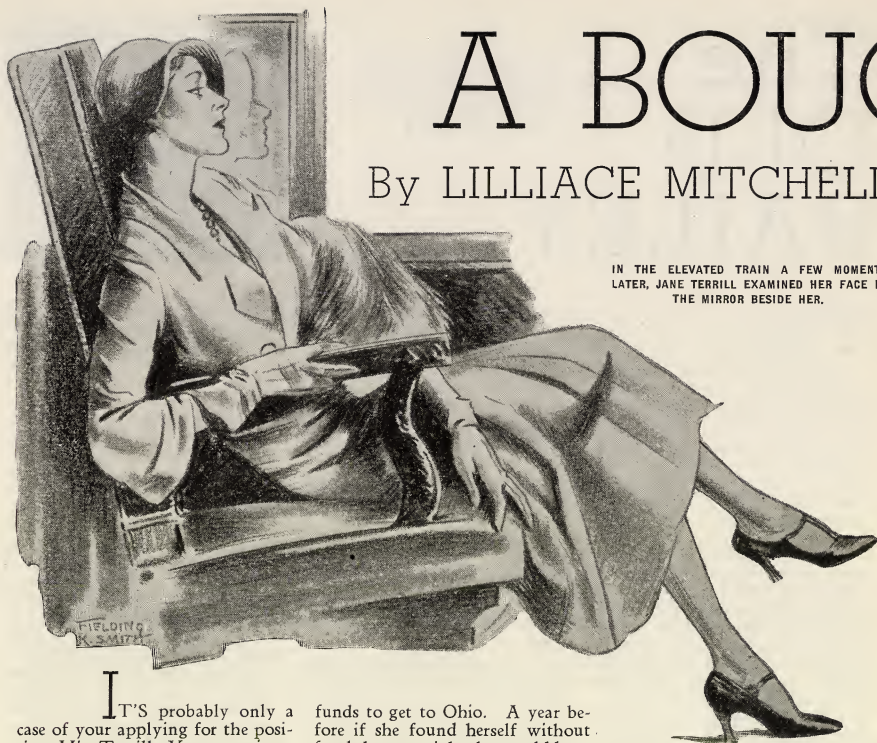
A most important event in the development of the Old Bailey institution of especial interest to Americans, is recorded on a hallway tablet as follows:

"Near this site William Penn and William Mead were tried in 1670 for preaching in an unlawful assembly in Grace Church Street. This tablet commemorates the courage and endurance of the jury.

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A BOUQUET

By LILLIACE MITCHELL



IN THE ELEVATED TRAIN A FEW MOMENTS LATER, JANE TERRILL EXAMINED HER FACE IN THE MIRROR BESIDE HER.

IT'S probably only a case of your applying for the position, Miss Terrill. Your experience fits you exactly for the work." Miss Adams glanced up from the card in her hand as she spoke.

"But the distance from Chicago—" began Jane Terrill with some hesitation in her voice.

"Makes little or no difference," finished Miss Adams neatly. "Life is much the same in one place or another. Three meals a day, a pleasant walk, a visit now and again to the hairdressers' and something to read in the evening—hello," she broke off to say into the cradle telephone on her desk. "Oh yes, Miss Aikens. Of course. Quite. Certainly, at once. Thanks."

Jane Terrill sighed. It had not been in her mind at all to complain of this position in the Ohio town because of its distance from Chicago. Jane Terrill had no ties anywhere. She would be quite as content to live in Portland, Maine or Portland, Oregon if only she could maintain herself. Her complaint about the distance was due wholly and solely to her lack of

funds to get to Ohio. A year before if she found herself without funds between jobs she would have mentioned the matter to the placement woman at the agency. Then funds might have been advanced to her for a railroad ticket. Now? It was quite different. One had to "put up a front" as the woman candidly told her.

"Never go into a place looking shabby," Miss Adams had told Jane at another time. "That won't get you any place these days. Look as if you had plenty of money. Look cheerful and poised and above all wear good shoes and gloves."

Jane sighed. All of this was true and no one knew it better than she. But when one has been out of work for three months with no encouraging word save:

"Perhaps we shall communicate with you later, Miss Terrill."

Well, who could keep smiling under those circumstances?

"It's the only thing in this morning, Miss Terrill. You had better forget your prejudice against places smaller than Chicago and take it. I shall have to ask you to

excuse me now. The personnel manager from the United Business Clearing Houses is waiting to confer with me. Here is the card. Let me know at once how you come out on it, will you please? Goodbye!"

An information clerk with her hand on the tiny gate was waiting to show Jane to the door. It was, Jane thought dully, a very polite fashion of "shooing" a person out of the place. She glanced once more at the card. A secretary to an advertising manager of a large rubber company. Well, she thought, she could certainly do that job all right. She would have preferred to be secretary to a writer since that had been her previous experience but her previous employer had written a good many advertising booklets. As a consequence Jane Terrill knew the merchandising angle well and could take this position if—if she had the money for a ticket to get to Ohio!

"No money, no ticket," she said

UET FOR JANE

to herself as she rode to the street floor in the swiftly-dropping express elevator. "No ticket, no job! Four dollars and eighty-five cents in my purse, nothing in the bank. Well, it doesn't look so jolly, Janie, my girl!" she assured herself grimly as she walked past the elevator starter unseeingly.

FOR all that, her head was up and her lips smiling as she went towards the revolving door. Jane had forced herself to look cheerful ever since the day Miss Adams had told her she was looking too down-hearted for any employer to want her around an office. Just inside the door she paused an instant. Where would she go now? Mentally she ran over the list of agencies with which she was "registered." She had been to each one that morning. It would be useless to go in again on the same day. It irritated the placement woman if one stayed in the office too long.

Jane had been looking into the florist window which had a display case in the lobby of the building. She had not been aware of looking at anything but now she saw the florist peering out at her from behind a tall vase of scarlet roses and she turned away instantly. With a quick push at the unmoving revolving door she started out to the street.

Suddenly her foot struck something and she stumbled. On the street side she kicked out the offending blockade. Someone might fall on that in running through the door she thought. She was about to go on when her eye sought the article she had kicked. A thick envelope of legal size caught her eye. Stooping, Jane picked it up.

It was unsealed with the flap turned in to hold the contents in place. On the corner there was no stamp nor was there any name and address. Turning it over in her hand slowly, Jane looked inside. With her breath coming gaspingly she saw a long ticket and on it was stamped:

CHICAGO TO NEW YORK, N. Y.
"And they say," breathed Jane

slowly, "that coincidences happen only in fiction stories! Why, after this I could almost believe in fairy stories!"

She felt dizzy and almost weak. She could go to Ohio. She could get this position with her excellent references and recommendations. She would again be with that happy crowd of young people who go forth each morning to a "job" and come home at night with a day's work well done. She put her hand up to her forehead and found that there were beads of perspiration standing there. Almost mechanically she turned into the restaurant next door where one picked up a metal tray and a table napkin filled with knife, fork and two spoons. With precision born of long practise, Jane picked up the tray and silver and started down the narrow aisle with its ivory colored wall on one side and its steam table of food on the other. Rolls, salads and oysters, roast beef lying amiably beneath the poised knife of a plump carving woman, pies and whipped cream desserts, cake and milk—Jane passed swiftly along, picking up this, indicating that with a slender finger now ungloved. The checker at the desk looked at her sharply.

The "hostess" who was really a feminine head "waiter" stepped forward. "May I help you with your tray?" she asked softly.

Jane looked at her in amazement. In all of the times Jane had eaten at this cafeteria no one had ever before offered to carry her tray. She laughed inwardly as she thought that now she must have the look of a "moneyed" customer who must be catered to and treated with deference! Then she shook her head.

"I'm going to sit right here, thanks," Jane remarked with an attempt at being careless and casual. Her voice, however, trembled surprisingly in her own ears.

"You don't," persisted the hostess gently, "feel faint or anything?"

"No," said Jane shortly. "I'm going to Ohio!"

THE remark apparently surprised the hostess quite as much as it surprised Jane herself. She had had no intention whatever of saying those words. Her hand trembled as she cleared the tray of its burden before she placed it on an empty nearby table for the waitress. With red face she glanced at the hostess who was now speaking in low tones to the checker. Jane felt that perhaps they were discussing the mental vigor of one who seemed so excited about going to Ohio!

Then she opened the envelope once more and examined the contents thoroughly. Upon unfolding the ticket she found that there were two reservations folded together instead of merely one. Two people, then, had been going on some trip to New York City! Jane stopped to think an instant. She did not feel so happy now, so cheerful. There were other little notations on slips of paper. Airport stations and the tariff between Los Angeles and Chicago via plane, a notation on Bali and the name of a shop in Constantinople. "Lost," said Jane grimly, "by someone wealthy enough to travel here, there and everywhere!"

"Being poor is bad enough," said Jane to herself defiantly, "but being poor and out of a job, too, are just unbearable companions! Let this person who is wealthy enough to travel by airplane buy more tickets! This is my only real chance at a job and I'm going to take it!"

Take it! The words echoed unpleasantly in her ears. Then they seemed to resolve themselves into other words like a chord that progresses from the first-third-fifth chord to the first-fourth-sixth with a swift blending of major thirds and fifths into minor cadences. Take it! Take it! Steal it, in other words, she thought with the corners of her lips tightening into an unpleasant picture. She had set her tray on one of those little nook tables where a wall mirror makes the room seem twice as large. Now she caught sight of

(Continued on page 636)



TRIAL and ERROR

By

VESTA P. CRAWFORD

Struggling writers—and most of them are struggling these days if they have to depend at all upon their writings for a livelihood—will find in this article by Mrs. Crawford some most interesting history, if not suggestions.

velope contains a check or just another prodigal manuscript.

A little more than two years ago I began sending material of various types to markets outside of Utah. In the past twenty-four months I have sold eighty articles (averaging about 1,000 words in length), five short stories, and eight poems. I've sold something every month for more than two years, but the highest monthly income has been fifty dollars—the lowest a dollar and a half.

From the above resume of wealth, it is plain to see that I am still in the literary foothills—but even foothills can be alluring. I know a girl who gets between \$500.00 and \$1,000.00 for every story she sells. Last summer she took her husband to Europe. Until very recently my husband has had to pay the postage for my fleet of manuscripts.

But writing is fun, and out of my short but speckled experience, I suggest the following course of procedure for amateurs who want to write:

1. *Learn to play a typewriter.* It will be a long time before most of us can afford a private secretary, and editors (so I hear) will not even touch a long-hand manuscript.

2. *Subscribe for one or more of the professional magazines or read them at the library:*

The Author and Journalist (\$2.00 per year), 1839 Champa Street, Denver, Colorado. (Particularly helpful to western writers.)

The Writer's Digest (\$2.00 per year), 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Writer's Monthly (\$3.00 per year), The Home Correspondence School, Springfield Mass.

The Writer (\$3.00 per year), Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.

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TO me this writing game is still a process of trial and error, mostly error. Not long ago ten of my traveling manuscripts came home in one day. The postman always laughs when he sees me, for he knows what returned manuscripts look like. There's one great comfort, though, I always get some mail. With between twenty-five and fifty *miscellaneous* contributions in circulation, I can be reasonably sure of at least one return per day. My collection of "We regret" cards is too bulky to keep and not very valuable anyway.

But sometimes luck walks right up the front steps and a long thin envelope falls through the slot in the door. Sitting at the typewriter, I can look across the room and know instantly whether an en-



VESTA PIERCE CRAWFORD
AND DAUGHTER

VESTA PIERCE CRAWFORD, wife of Dr. Arthur L. Crawford, of the faculty of the University of Utah, came up from Gunnison to Brigham Young University. She was graduated from that institution in 1923. In 1926 she registered at Stanford and later went with her husband to the University of Wyoming where she studied for and received her Master's degree. English was her major.

But You Were BORN TO INSPIRE

By

CLAIRE S. BOYER

INSPIRATION is the most leavening quality in human relationships, discouragement is the most deadly. It is the parent who says, "Of course you can do it," that is blessed with the ingenious child. It is the teacher who has faith in the students' ability that is rewarded with superior responses. It is the moralist who recognizes and challenges the divine in man that has the joy of seeing that divinity in operation. Thanks to psychology the negative method of teaching is becoming passe. The unknown or X quality within each of us makes it impossible for any individual to be put into a formula. No one can estimate another's possibilities. Some of the best ideas have come from the minds of people with apparently low capacities. Prodigies have faded out. Successful lives have often been accredited to the inspiration of one sentence or to the faith of one friend.

What our lives most need is more and better inspiration. Our salvation lies in giving less attention to our possessive impulses and more to our creative impulses. But if we are led to believe in the archaic theory that some were endowed with gifts while others were left barren, how can we even hope. And bereft of hope we are poor indeed. On the other hand if we believe we have untold possibilities within us awaiting the magic stimulus, we are ready for achievement. Half of success lies in the good beginning, and the good beginning is composed of hope and faith.

The word genius means spirit. It is spirit that creates. The spirit of God was great enough to create a universe. Our spirits being lesser create only in proportion to our spirit strength. Why then should we not seek the sunshine and dew given by the more spirited human

This article is in direct reply to one printed in the June number of this magazine — "Born to Write," by F. Howard Forsyth. Those interested in writing would do well to read Mr. Forsyth's article before reading this one. Mrs. Boyer is so well known in writing circles in this section of the country that she needs no further introduction.

beings for our own enrichment. Why can we not hope to pass on that precious possession to others? What joy can be in discouraging those who hope. There is no human being who has not some gift of thought or feeling worth offering. "He that hath gifts and uses them not is a traitor to his race and a sinner against divine providence. Pessimism is an insult to the Almighty Spirit of Goodness."

It has been statistically stated that one of every four women could write and one of every ten men. Now the one woman and the one man of this fourteen may not be certain to arrive, but if they do not it will be more likely to be because of a lack of enthusiasm and persistence than a lack of ability.

In the apprenticeship of writing there is need of constant inspiration so that enthusiasm may be reborn, ever and again, so that persistence will perfect and enjoy the process



of perfecting. Thanks to the "stories of great writers who have apparently risen in the face of every conceivable opposition!" Writers need the stimulus of such stories. "Who builds no castles in the air builds no castles anywhere." Thanks to editors again for the many courses they offer which give glowing promises. We need rain-bows even if they last but a short time. If the completion of the course does not make a writer, at least it has accomplished an important thing—it has given a dream of perfection or a warning of flaws. I have never seen a person who completed a course in writing who did not admit its worth.

Certainly the writing game is discouraging. So is every other worthy undertaking. And if the

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By EDITH
CHERRINGTON



THE PASSING

SHE was so little—oh so very small,
My palm could hold the tiny shoes she wore;
She ran them through, and yet she was not tall
Enough to turn the handle of the door.
She would call to me to "Open please!"
Then like the sunshine she would hurry through.
Now all I have are memories * * such as these * *
I was so foolish then, I never knew
Her call of "Open please" could reach so far,
Or angels hear a voice so small and thin.
And yet an angel set the gate ajar
And she, who stood there waiting, passed within.

LOST

PRINT on your memory each little way
That you will be most eager to remember.
Mark how an errant lock of hair would stray—
How brown small arms become before September.
Count each beloved trait for fear you part,
For time and fate still have the power to lift
A treasure from against a tortured heart
And suddenly your scheme of life may shift—
Then you will stand alone and gaze in space,
Trying so hard * * so hard to make more plain
The image of a sleeping baby face,
Your hand against the breast where it has lain.



GOODNIGHT

SHE sleeps * * *
She sleeps beyond the reach of fears.
She shall not age nor fade nor know defeat,
For her no grief or rending sorrow nears,
She shall remain as now—divinely sweet,
Lovely and pure as is the budding rose
Whose unfurled petals never wilt or fall,
Smiling she sleeps. Her weary eyelids close.
She shall not know of sin or shame at all.
Behind the mask of death her small mouth keeps
That happy welcome and her flashing smile.
Waiting the morning light she sleeps * * she sleeps
Good night! * * *
Goodbye * * *
for just a little while.

Reminiscences of Charles W. Nibley

This article concludes the series of reminiscences of President Nibley which have been made available for use in this magazine by Preston Nibley, son of the late president. These pioneer pictures of life in Cache Valley three quarters of a century ago we thought would be interesting to the entire Church membership. "The boy is father to the man," therefore we wished to present some of the materials which went into the making of the later great pioneer organizer and merchant.

WE completed about the same time a little stockyard or corral with a small shed that would protect our cattle from the storm. And we succeeded in getting up a few loads of hay from the bottoms north and east of Wellsville, that our cattle might subsist on for the winter. It was a long dreary winter. That winter and the winter following we still lived in the dugout. It was a scramble of the severest kind for a mere existence. How to begin at the very beginning of things and make the earth produce you food and shelter was such a new experience and such a severe one that the older folks never forgot it.

Somehow we managed to trade for some wheat and we built a little bin with some boards in one corner of the dugout and put our wheat in this bin and on the wheat made our beds. Wheat is about the hardest stuff to sleep on that I have ever experienced.

After we had been in Wellsville about thirty days and I had been gleaning wheat and herding cows during that time, old Brother John H. Bankhead hired me to herd his sheep on the hills southeast of Wellsville. We did not dare to go very far from the fort as there was too much danger from the Indians during the first settlement of the valley and indeed we did not need to go far because feed was abundant. This was my second job of work in Wellsville.

Winter came on, however, soon, and put an end to that. My mother used to go out and do a day's washing here and there and take flour for her pay. Usually 12½ pounds of flour was payment in full for a hard day's washing. Poor old mother, how she struggled and worked and slaved to bring us all up. She did more or less washing for the Bankheads all that winter as I remember. It helped to keep us eating and that was the main struggle just at that time—to get something to eat. I had an old pair of homemade shoes that winter, but how I got them I do not in the least remember. It was years after before I ever had a coat. I think I was 16 years old when I had my first coat. Previous to that I had had nothing but a shirt and a pair of pants or overalls. My sisters, Mary and Margaret, hired out to different people in the village and got their board and very little else beside.

Brother James A. Leishman tried to teach school in the log meeting house that stood in the street not far north of where Bishop Maughan's old home stands, (where Aunt Margaret lives at this time). But Brother Leishman, while he did his best, knew very little about school teaching. The only books I had were a Webster spelling book and a Greenleaf arithmetic, which we had brought from the states. Our reading lessons were from the Book of Mormon

and I had to borrow the privilege of reading from one of the boys of the class or school. I could spell the whole school down when we had spelling bees and somehow I could work examples, or sums, as we used to call them, which Brother Leishman himself could not quite master. Such a school would not put anyone very far on the road for education.

WE did not have sufficient hay to feed all our cattle so we sent one yoke with a herd of cattle that was going into the promontory. It seemed like bad luck was determined to follow us, for in bringing the cattle home from the promontory in the spring, there was one ox drowned in Bear River and out of all the big herd of cattle that happened to be our ox. That same winter one of our cows had laid down in her little narrow stall and although she was securely tied with a rope by the horns, yet somehow she had got her neck twisted so that her head was under her body in some shape and there she died. So that by spring we were considerably poorer than we were when we landed in the fall. But we were gaining experience and were a little more able to hold our own and wrest from the earth some kind of a scanty livelihood.

The long winter nights and without any amusement and without books to read, made life seem quite dreary. There was, however,

some kind of amusements going on, chiefly dances in the log meeting house. There was a brother who could play the fiddle a little bit (Samuel Ames) and he was kept pretty busy furnishing music for the dances. Then there would be little gatherings at this hut or house, or the other, a few families called in to spend the evening which would help to while away the time.

But I can remember how, long before daylight would come, my father was up, tired lying on his hard bed and moving the quilt to one side, peering out into the darkness. I have heard him exclaim, "It's eternal darkness here."

That winter everybody in Wellsville had the itch. Of course, we were included in the number. There were no vegetables except potatoes; there were no lemons or acids to counteract the acid in the blood, so it broke out in hives or itch. Old Davy Moffat who crossed the plains in the handcart company that same summer that we came, left his home in Salt Lake and somehow or other landed in Wellsville as he had no work to do, merely came up to visit us. We entertained him of course the best we could in our dugout—fancy entertaining anybody in a place like that—and while we did not have any Christmas present to give him, we did manage to give him the itch. He went home after a short visit and a little later Johnny McCarty was making a trip to Salt Lake for something or other and I begged the privilege of going with him and seeing if I could not get work. We got to Salt Lake City in due time and I went down and stayed at Moffats, down in the Third Ward. I remember going to Walker Brothers Store and asking one of the Walker brothers if they would not hire a boy to help do chores or help do clerking in the store, but they said they were not in need of any help just at that time. At Moffats in the evening old Davy would be scratching his back, and I remember very well him saying to me, "Mon, when you gang hame tell your faather (and this while he was scratching away at his back) tell your faather to send me doon a muckle hawthorne stick."

I do not recall how I worked my way back home to Wellsville. The second winter we spent in our dugout was much like the first, although there were many more

settlers in the village the second year. The first year there were the Stoddards, Leishmans and Williams and one or two other Scotch families, and the second year there were added the Murrays and Kerrs and Jardines and others, so that Wellsville was really the Scotch town of the north country.

As soon as spring came we were busily engaged trying to plow some ground and plant a field of wheat. This was in the spring of 1861. Lincoln had been elected in November, 1860, and in the spring of 1861 all the news we got from the states was of the coming great war between the North and the South. We had no newspapers of any kind. Indeed during the first year or perhaps two, of our existence in Wellsville, I don't remember that we ever received or wrote a single letter. There were no mail routes established during the first season and letters were carried by anybody going or coming.

I GOT a job doing chores at Bankhead's. It gave me my board and I suppose I must have earned a little flour or perhaps I was able to earn a couple of head of sheep which he paid me for my work. I was en-

gaged in helping milk the cows, churn the butter, keep the calves herded or away from the cows and helping to look after the sheep. Bankheads were the rich family of the valley at that time. Among other property, they owned two men negroes, Nate and Sam. It seems like harking a long way back to the days of slavery, but negro slavery was actually the law of the land and practiced to a small extent in 1860 and 1861 and 1862 in Cache Valley. I felt quite elated when I could sleep with big Nate, the big black negro that Bankhead owned. Old Sam used to ask me if I had read any news of "de wah," and I can remember very well him saying at one time, "My God, I hope de Souf get licked."

Only once did I see the old man Bankhead get angry at his slaves, and at that time he tore around pretty lively and threatened to horsewhip them to death if they didn't mend their ways. Once I was careless enough to let the calves, a dozen or so of them, get out of their pens and into the yard with the cows, and of course they got all the milk. And milk was money in those days. The old gentleman Bankhead was so wrathful at me

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HALLOWE'EN

By RENA STOTENBURG TRAVAIS

ONE night we keep, mid all the toil and stress,
Mid all the worries that we face together;
In spite of fears that rise, and doubts that press,
And troubled seas, and dark and gloomy weather;
Because of all the joy that we have seen
We will be gay and glad on Hallowe'en.

One night we guard, whatever life may hold,
Its memories of hooded fortune tellers,
Of cats and pumpkins, goblins blithe and bold
And ghosts that had their place in halls and cellars;
And our first kiss, nothing can intervene
To mar the glory of that Hallowe'en.

One night we keep, we've sometimes missed the way,
And failed to grasp the once expected treasure,
There have been griefs to bear, as locks grew gray,
And looking back, some pains with all our pleasures.
But love has never failed, through years between
That magic moment, and this Hallowe'en.



Home, a Danger Zone for Accidents

TWO-YEAR-OLD Letty

was restless. A stormy morning kept her from going out of doors. Brother and sister were at school. The little one clung to her mother's dress. Her few scattered toys had lost attraction, and she coaxingly pleaded: "Mummy play, Mummy play."

"Oh, honey, mummy has work to do," said her mother. "Here, thread the buttons on a string for mummy."

And she extracted from her sewing basket a box of assorted buttons. The buttons were intriguing, and Baby Letty was absorbed for a time. Then there occurred a startling paroxysm of coughing, followed by a wheezing struggle for air.

Two hours later, at a hospital, the doctor removed a brightly colored button from one of the bronchial tubes meant to carry air to the baby's lungs. Pale and exhausted the little one had lost all interest in "play."

Such a story, with variations in age of child, type of foreign body, and outcome of the accident, is repeated at least several times each year in almost every locality. Parents often give coins to young children as play things. These are most frequently swallowed. Should it be a penny, nickel or dime, it will probably go down the esophagus and through the digestive tract without inconvenience. A quarter, a half, or a dollar, is almost certain to lodge in the upper part of the esophagus, where a muscular narrowing of this tube is present. Food may go past it, to a moderate extent, and its presence be unsuspected until serious symptoms arise. With very young children, even smaller coins may lodge. The writer saw a child who had a penny lodged in this location for two years, while various doctors had been consulted in an effort to overcome the steadily increasing loss of weight, pallor, and general lassitude.

Trinkets from prize packages of

From

Medical Staff and Health Service
of the Brigham Young University

popcorn not infrequently occur as foreign bodies in passages to the lungs. Loose dental appliances, as bridges, fillings, caps, and even partial plates, owing to looseness of fit, may be inspired into the lungs.

A MOST prolific source of such accidents is the almost unbreakable habit, indulged in by women, upholsterers, cobblers, and carpenters, of using the mouth as a receptacle for pins, tacks, and small nails. With such objects in the mouth, any sudden inspiration, as always precedes speaking quickly or laughing, will stand great chance of drawing one or more of them into the lungs. Women are especially obstinate in this practice, and no amount of teaching or reminding seems to make them remember not to do it. Most often too, they use the small, straight pins, which, of all foreign bodies to enter the lungs, are the most difficult to bring back. This is because of their small size which permits them to enter the little branches of bronchi, approaching outermost limits of the lungs. When so located, approach to them, even with the finest instruments, is only possible with super-X-ray equipment and a super-skilled surgeon such as perhaps only one or two cities in the nation can provide.

Recently a young girl and her beau, acutely frightened, consulted a physician because of her having gotten a pin into the lung. Their story was that she had the pin in her mouth when her companion, coming up from behind, playfully slapped her upon the back. Resulted a sudden momentary choking and the pin disappeared. Happily for her, while having an X-ray examination, she coughed up the offending object. This is the most

fortunate possible outcome of such an experience.

Where such a foreign body as the straight pin has presumably entered a lung, the patient should lie down, at least flat, or better

with the head and shoulders lower than the rest of the body. This may help to keep the pin from reaching the very small tubules before it can be found and removed.

"Wolffng," or rapid eating of food which may contain bones, fruit stones, or other solid materials, is a dangerous pastime. Especially is this true where lively conversation and laughter are mixed with the bolted food. Not infrequently, material is gotten into the bronchial tubes in this way. More often pieces of bone or fruit stones, too large to pass down the esophagus are swallowed and find lodgement there.

Even the sophisticated specialist must occasionally be surprised at the size of objects he finds fast in the gullet. The largest of Elberta peach stones frequently have to be released from where their sharp spines effectually prevent their passing on down the canal. One-half the breast bone of a fair sized chicken is not uncommonly involved in such a problem; and the vertebrae of large halibut or salmon quite often occur there.

All of these accidents bespeak carelessness. Carelessness which takes a heavy annual toll in human life and human misery. It seems entirely safe to say that if proper preventive care were taken, at least 90 per cent of all such happenings could be avoided. That means care not to give children playthings they can put into their mouths; not to leave coins, buttons, or other small, attractive objects where the young child can get them; a measure of precaution and deliberateness in eating, especially where food contains bones, seeds, etc.; and more attention to avoid leaving such things as safety pins—particularly open ones—lying

within a child's reach. Children will put those objects into their mouths, and the open safety pin, going down point upward, as it does, constitutes, even in the most skilled hands, a distinct hazard to life, when it has to be removed from lungs or esophagus.

SMALL metallic foreign bodies may enter the lung, and after the initial choking and coughing, cause no more apparent difficulty for a few days to some weeks. Then there begins a cough—a cough which persists despite all attempts to relieve it, until the object is removed. Where a tooth or piece of tooth is lost, at extraction, and finds its way into the lung; the cough is likely to begin within a week, and an abscess of the lung usually develops, unless the foreign body is soon extricated.

Most serious of all foreign bodies getting into the lungs are those comprised of vegetable matter such as pieces of raw carrot, apple, potato, beans and nuts. So commonly have peanuts been encountered in this role that the resulting illness was for a time called "peanut bronchitis." Perhaps because of their smooth surface and brittle makeup, these nuts seem especially prone to being inspired into the lungs of children.

Within a few hours following such an accident, where the vegetable material is not coughed up or removed, there develops a general illness of grave degree. It has been said that the younger the individual the less chance of recovery; and many babies have lost their lives in this way. However, much can be done, if prompt action is taken. Should a child—or adult for that matter—choke momentarily upon some such material then seem even a little "wheezy" in breathing afterward, or feel discomfort in the chest, competent help should at once be sought.

Among other common accidents occurring in the home are those involving misuse of sharp and pointed instruments. Ordinary scissors are left where young children can get them. A child, holding scissors points upward, jumps off a high seat, stumbles, or unseeingly collides with door jamb or furniture, and a puncture wound results. With almost unbelievable frequency, the site of injury is an eye. All too often the eye ball is cut open, leaving an unsightly and

blind orb, even if it does not have to be removed entirely.

Scissors provided for young children should invariably be of the kind having rounded, and not pointed, ends. These are much less deadly. Ice picks, sharp knives, pocket knives, and all other such potentially dangerous instruments should be kept from the child until it has been effectually taught their dangers and how to use them properly.

BURNS are of frequent occurrence in the home, and affect not only children, but any member of the family. Again carelessness, or thoughtlessness, accounts for most of them. Cleaning of clothes with gasoline or other inflammable fluid is an increasingly common source of serious burns. The hazard here is much greater too, because the explosion often sets fire to the home as well. Such work, if it is to be attempted at home, should be done only in the open air, and not within any part of the house.

A vessel containing boiling water is sometimes set down upon the floor, and a little tot either tips it over or falls into it. Again a mother places such a vessel near the edge of a table or stand, and baby pulls it off to receive a severe burn.

Whether a given burn is severe or mild, it is always accompanied by excruciating pain, and some efficacious remedy should be at hand for immediate application. Among preparations offered for this purpose is one called *butesin picrate ointment*, which seems superior to all others available for home use in its speed of relief from pain, and its

immediate healing powers for simple or first degree burns. For treatment of mild burns, it is quite satisfactory. For severe ones it will give speedy relief from pain until the doctor arrives.

Chemical burns are not unheard of in the home, as well as in laboratory and industrial plant. The one most important at home is that produced by lye and the various washing preparations. It usually occurs from a child drinking the fluid, and results in destruction of the esophagus particularly. Sometimes holes are burned right through the gullet wall and death supervenes. Where the victim recovers from such a burn, scarring is severe, and contraction of this scar tissue later brings interference with swallowing, leading to eventual starvation, unless treatment is given to dilate and restore the canal.

Where acid or alkali is splashed into an eye, it should be washed out quickly with water, and the eye kept full of *castor oil*, until the doctor can be reached.

Petunias

By EZRA J. POULSEN

PETUNIA beds or borders can be made one of the most attractive features of the flower garden. There are always walks, artificial ponds, or at least convenient corners where these many-colored plants can be used to advantage.

Each year this simple flower, ranging through all its pleasant variegations, from white to deep violet, is becoming more popular. Its beauty is remarkable, and it is easy to cultivate, since it thrives well in any good garden soil.

The petunia blooms through most of the summer, and well into the fall. The rich variety of colors reflecting into the water of a pool, or scattered throughout the rugged spaces of a rock garden produce an effect not easily forgotten. Likewise a strip of barren fence or the side of a garage is much improved when seen above a fresh healthy petunia border.

The plants are propagated by cuttings put in pots in August, and set out in the open in the late spring. Naturally the plants can be secured from any greenhouse for very little, and after the first season's growth, new cuttings can be made for the following season if desired.

Either the single or the double variety may be used; but since the doubles are more luxuriant, they are the favorites. Petunias should have a definite place in the plans for the flower garden next year. (See picture on Table of Contents page.)



"SUN FLOWERS," BY DR. WAYNE B. HALES

Reminiscences of Charles W. Nibley

(Continued from page 598)

that, "If this should ever happen again," he said, "I am damned if I don't want you to leave the plantation."

Along in July in 1861 we began to get some new potatoes and green peas in the little garden that my father had, which was well cultivated. It seemed like I never could get enough of green peas. I would lie out in the patch on the ground and eat peas until I nearly burst.

During that summer we were engaged at work more or less on the Hyrum and Wellsville Canal that brings the water from the Muddy or Little Bear River onto the Wellsville east field, which the county road runs through. The man who could shovel out the most dirt or cut the most hay or grain, or bring the largest load of logs or wood from the canyon was the hero of the community in those times. It was not brain or intellect or any great attainments, it was just who could do the most work. At 12 years of age, as I was then, I was small even for my age and was not equal to hard work. But I can remember working on that water ditch and being a good mimic, I had all the men rolling with laughter at my mimicry of this man or the other who would brag about the amount of shoveling he could do. I was better at mimicking than I was at working.

By this time we began to gather around us a few chickens and a pig or two. Eggs and butter were the chief currency of the country. There was no such thing as money. I don't think we saw a dollar in money in the first two years we were in Cache Valley. Wheat was \$2 a bushel and it was considered that a bushel of wheat was payment for a good day's work.

We traded around and got some hay land and we had the farm land from Stoddard so that we were just beginning to understand what it took to get a livelihood right from the very elements. It was a good experience all that, even if it was hard. There was not much butter for us to eat, and rarely indeed did we ever have an egg to eat. Mother was extra thrifty and the eggs and most of what little butter was made, had to be kept to exchange

for a little thread or a little calico or perhaps a pair of shoes when some peddler wagon should come along.

THE second winter found us still in our dugout home. There were no Sunday Schools or Mutual Improvement Associations, no anything, but the weekly meetings and the everlasting dance. During the second winter Brothers Rigby, Mitten, Bradshaw and John Thorpe, who, by the way, is still living in Logan (1915) organized a little theatrical company. A stage was fixed up at one end of the log meeting house and what with the help of a few quilts for scenery, theatricals were undertaken. I was called on to play the child in "The Charcoal Burner," the first play they brought out. There was not much to the part but I seemed to do it so well that they always called on me for parts that I was large enough to fill, during the next two or three years. I suppose there never was any worse acting on any stage than could be seen there, but it was a change from the dance, and poor as it was, or bad as it was, the people enjoyed the change and it was a step in the direction of culture.

I borrowed from one of the Mitten boys a book of Shakespeare's plays, the first I had ever seen, and although I had never been in a theatre, had never seen a play performed, yet I took so to those plays of Shakespeare that I read and re-read them and committed many passages to memory, which I can bring forward even to this day.

The next spring, 1862, it was decided that all the sheep in the town should be taken in one herd and kept on the range between Wellsville and Mendon. Two men living in town, Phillip Dykes and Thomas Davis, were awarded the contract to take care of these sheep until fall. I hired out at once to Dykes and Davis to look after the sheep during the day time. Our camp was at Gardner's Spring, half way between Wellsville and Mendon, just on the County Road.

We had a wagon box to sleep in and either Dykes or Davis would come out each night and sleep at the camp, for it was considered unsafe to leave me there alone. But I was alone during the entire day.

There were not many jobs to pick from in those days but I al-

ways did manage to get some kind of a job which I could work at. I was paid in sheep for my summer's herding. I forget just what number, and I got my board and what lodging there was in a wagon box, and earned a little something.

One could hardly believe it, but I could pick out each man's sheep in the herd. As a general thing all sheep look alike but I knew everybody's sheep and could pick them out for them at once. I could tell many of them by their bleat. Lying in bed at night and hear a sheep bleat out, I could say to Dykes or Davis, who happened to be with me, that is so and so's wether or ewe.

That summer I got hold of a copy of Burns' poems and I would carry it with me as I was driving my sheep about and I committed many of these poems to memory. Bob Baxter who was with me some of the time that summer is wont to tell even to this day that while he was fooling away his time playing, I was studying Burns' poems and reading every other book that I could get hold of. It was easy for me to talk Scotch and read Scotch and I always did enjoy it all thoroughly.

The rattlesnakes were pretty plentiful on the upper benches that summer and I recollect one instance of killing the largest rattlesnake I ever saw. I had no stick but there were plenty of stones which I kept picking up and throwing at him and instead of him running away from me, he would spring directly toward me, but I kept out of his way far enough and kept pelting away at him until I finally killed him.

One morning in the fall of the year we woke up early and looked out from our wagon box over the country to the north of us and we saw a great big grizzly bear, the largest one I ever saw wild, coming up out of the carrot patch below Gardner's creek, where he had been feeding during the night, and was now making for the mountains. We did not disturb him but just let him go leisurely on his way. It was a little dangerous to tackle him.

IN the fall the wolves were numerous and once in a while would get one of our sheep. I remember one evening after sundown I had driven my sheep ahead of me down from the bench and

had foolishly loitered along, when looking back I saw five large gray wolves sneaking up after me. I was very much frightened and commenced to yell for my dog as though I had a dog with me, which I did not, but tried to frighten them with the idea that the dog was coming, but they did not retreat very much, they would merely turn their heads around, then come down a few steps towards me. I got down under the bench and then ran as fast as I could for the camp.

On another occasion we were sitting in our wagon box eating our breakfast, Mr. Dykes and I. The box was put upon some sticks which raised it about a foot from the ground. I noticed Dykes kept looking through a crack in the wagon box floor, right under where I was sitting. Finally he said, "Charlie, don't move," and he pulled his gun out and shot through the crack in the floor and killed a great big rattlesnake which was curled up right under where I was sitting eating my breakfast.

Once in a while we would get a large fish or prairie chicken or a sage hen or a wild duck and cook it on our campfire at the sheep herd and have a great feast. But eating never bothered me very much, whether I had much or little or good or bad. I was always worried about trying to make something and save something and get ahead in the world.

In the summer of 1862 Wells-ville broke up its old fort life and the town was laid out in the wheat field where we owned five acres and we secured our city lot just one block west of where the old Wells-ville meeting house now stands. We had no government titles to land in those days, indeed there were no U. S. surveys for seven or eight years after that, until the railroad got through, so that all we had really was a "squatter's" right or claim. But those claims were all respected by everybody and were perfectly good. But we bought and sold and traded in, just as though we had good title.

That summer gold was discovered in Montana and there grew up quite a considerable trade in flour and other provisions being shipped into Montana and being paid for in gold dust. Men would come down from the mining camps with buckskin sacks full of gold dust and would bargain for flour,

potatoes or other supplies that we had to sell and pay in gold dust at \$20 an ounce. Every trader had a pair of gold scales to weigh the gold dust out for payment of supplies purchased. That was the first thing in the shape of money that we had seen and we did not get very much of a share of that but we did get a little.

During that summer I had for some reason or other, which I do not now remember, been sent over to Logan on some errand. I had no horse to ride, so walked over and back. On the return trip a large body of Indians which had camped away from the settlement for some time, and were reasonably peaceable, had broken camp and were that afternoon going towards Logan on the County Road. I was a little fellow thirteen years of age, on foot and alone, and I must confess I was rather frightened at the way some of those young bucks on their wild ponies would come fast towards me as if to frighten me to death, and then as they got close, swing their horses out to one side and laugh with great enjoyment at the scare they had given me. However, I knew I was entirely powerless and all I could do was put on a bold front and toddle on home, which I did.

WE were now living a little more comfortably in our new two-roomed log house, and were begin-

ning to learn the ways and methods of the western wilds. My father made a garden of the acre and a quarter lot which he kept and improved until his death and such a garden was rarely, if ever, seen, in that part of the country. The land produced immensely and my father worked in it from early morning until late at night. It was slow plodding work, just the kind that suited him and he kept at it all the time.

The only habit that I ever knew of, which he had that could be condemned, was that he would smoke an old clay pipe. He got hold of some tobacco seed and he grew a little patch of tobacco plants which did very well in that climate. He dried the leaves and hung them up in a little smoke house and made of them fairly good smoking tobacco, so I have been told. But some years after, I have heard my mother tell that one day she said to him, "I have no seen you smoking, what have you din wi' your pipe?" His answer was just two words, "I've stoppet." "For how long," she asked. "Some months past," he answered. And there was his old clay pipe on the mantelpiece in plain view all the time, yet he had never touched it. He laid it there as much as to say, "I will show you which is master, you or I."

The winter of 1863 I passed in what was called a school, taught by an old Brother Lawson who was a cripple and knew very little of school teaching. I must have spent a few weeks of the winter in that school but the chief enjoyment I had was in the theatricals that were being presented.

The next summer was spent in working some little on our farm or land, and again herding sheep, the second year for Dykes and Davis. I recollect that that summer I drove our yoke of oxen and we took two or three hundred pounds of flour, my mother and I, over to Logan and traded it for some calico and other little things she needed, which we bought at William Jennings' store, which was being run by Henry Sadler, the same Henry Sadler who is now (1915) living in Salt Lake City. But the next season Bishop Maughan had secured a mail contract to carry the mail from Brigham City to Wellsville and Logan. I drove the mail wagon for him a good deal of the time and worked



A FLOWER OF THE DESERT TAKEN NEAR
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

in the field for him some of the time. We usually made the trip over in about three hours or little more between Brigham and Wellsville.

There was no hotel in Brigham but through some arrangement with Bishop Nicholls we were allowed to stay at his house and it was here that I first heard an organ played in the home, or, indeed played anywhere else for that matter. What a marvel it was to me to hear that little old organ and to hear the Bishop's daughters singing to its accompaniment. In the fall I was engaged getting out our winter's wood. I would take the running gears of the wagon with a yoke of oxen, sit on the tongue behind the oxen with a sharp pointed stick and prod them along as fast as they would go up Wellsville Canyon and into the maple groves and secure a load of wood and be back home by night. It was very hard work and I was not quite equal to it, but I did the best I could and kept at it as long as my strength would permit.

The next winter, Morris Rosenbaum sent over from Brigham City to Wellsville a wagon load of goods with Isaac Neibaur, his brother-in-law, to open a store and sell them during the winter. Isaac Neibaur

brought his little fourteen-year-old sister to help keep house for him and his wife during that winter. Part of the time Isaac would be gone to Brigham City and other places and I had been asking for a job as soon as he located there and had secured the position which I so much coveted, to clerk in that little old store. It was in this way that I became slightly acquainted that winter, not very much, with his sister Rebecca, who four years afterwards became my wife.

THE Neibaurs moved away in the spring, back to Brigham and Ira Ames opened a small store not far from where my sister Margaret now lives. I secured the position of clerk in this store at fifty cents a day and board, staying at the Ames' home. I can recollect how happy and grateful my poor old mother would be if I took home to her, as I remember I did on several occasions take her, some little present of towels, calico or anything that I thought would be useful to her and please her. It always gave me the greatest pleasure to try to make her comfortable and happy.

At the time I was clerking in the little store of Ira Ames, who was one of the earliest members of the

Church, I boarded at the Ames' home, receiving fifty cents in store pay and my board as wages. One evening Father Ames in his remniscent way, was telling me of incidents that occurred in his early experience in the Church. He said that while he was living at or near Kirtland, Ohio, in 1832, on the morning of February 17th of that year, he was up early, as was the Yankee custom to rise in the morning before daylight and feed the cattle, chickens and hogs, and on that morning he was out attending to these chores when Sidney Rigdon passed by, coming from the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Sidney Rigdon saluted Father Ames with good morning and stated that he had been up all night with the Prophet, writing a most glorious vision which had been shown to them that night. This vision is the 76th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants. This incident just gives a little human touch in putting me so closely connected with the event as to having conversed with the man Ira Ames who first saw Sidney Rigdon and talked with him that morning after that most wonderful vision. I thought perhaps my children might be interested in this incident in my life.

THE END

Glimpsed in a Flash (Continued from page 587)

treacherous wolf or the cruel jaguar." Very fine; why did he not point out the superiority of the vegetarian field mouse, or even the nimble grasshopper, over the St. Bernard dog, or the majestic king of beasts? His argument had sound, without soundness.

But when he declaimed passionately that "the eating of animal flesh is only one degree less reprehensible than cannibalism, and any man who debases himself by eating meat is unfit to mingle in civilized society" I got up and went out. The performance had ceased to be amusing and had become irritating.

I found the lobby full of people who had been able to stand less than I had; we were stopped at the door by a brief but violent thunder shower. During the several minutes that we waited for the rain to cease I heard much discussion going on around me. None of it related

to the lecturer, or the facts that he had presented; all of it was with reference to the chairman, and the many mistatements that he had made. So do untruths frequently loom larger than truths.

Moderation in meat-eating is enjoined by our Word of Wisdom. But I believe moderation in speech is fully as important.

Moderation is a great principle; but I do not believe that it is as great as the principle of truth. No principle is great enough to justify lying about it.

* * *

"Pass a Law Against It"

ONCE I was traveling with a party of American engineers beyond the borders of the United States.

One morning at breakfast we were glancing over an American newspaper. One of us idly remarked an item stating that in a certain southern town, several men had been found pitching horseshoes and wagering on the results to the extent of ten cents per game. The

men had been arrested and fined, under an anti-gambling ordinance.

But the city council had gone farther, and had interpreted the anti-gambling ordinance to forbid the pitching of horseshoes within the city limits.

One member of our party was a skilled horseshoe pitcher; he had won some tournaments, in which no betting had been involved. His remarks may be imagined.

As we left the cafe, we saw some Mexican peons in a small group, greatly excited. We investigated and found that they had drawn, in the dust of the road, a ring such as is used by boys for playing marbles. In the middle of this ring they had placed two beetles. They were heatedly and vociferously laying bets as to which of the beetles would first walk out of the ring.

Our horseshoe-pitcher remarked, with fine sarcasm: "If the Mexican government were to profit by the example of our wise Anglo-Saxon town-council, it would immediately pass a law forbidding beetles to walk."

Have we always differentiated clearly in our thinking between things that are not evil in themselves, and evil uses to which they may be put by irresponsible people? Have we so differentiated in our prejudices? In our individual interpretations of doctrine? In our legislation? In our personal behavior?

How much might it help if we did?

* * *

Could He, or Did He?

I RECENTLY listened to a sermon—and a good one—in which the speaker mentioned the uncertainty that exists in some of the estimates of geologic time. Even though I did not agree with all he said, I thought that this part of his talk was handled well. After the meeting I took occasion to refer him to an interesting account of a discussion before a British scientific society, in which two eminent scientists, reasoning from different basic assumptions regarding rate of deposition, reached different conclusions regarding the time it took for a certain bed of sandstone to be formed. The estimate made by one of these men was three million years; but the other, two weeks!

The speaker smiled at the discrepancy, and then said, thoughtfully, "I suppose, depending on the basic assumptions, it is as reasonable to think that bed was made in two weeks as in three million years." Just then a fine old man, a pioneer since deceased, broke into the discussion. He said, heatedly, "God could have made it all in two seconds, if He so much as crooked His finger that way!" And he made an eloquent gesture in the air, flexing his little finger once.

I did not care to argue along that line. I replied: "Probably He could; but I do not believe that He did."

The study of the sedimentary rocks furnishes a large scale exemplification of the working of the laws of nature; and the laws of nature are a part of the Law of God. Such rocks may be miles in extent, and hundreds of feet in thickness, and bear within themselves abundant evidence of the action of the winds, or the waves, or the streams, or the organisms that inhabited the region at the time the rock was in process of formation. The whole thing suggests power and purpose; but we

have not the slightest evidence that a single such bed of rock was made by means of God's "crooking His finger that way." The question is not one of power, but of method.

I once heard a man charged with "questioning the power of God" when he declined to accept what he considered an absurd explanation of a certain event. He replied:

"Probably God could have made the earth cubical instead of spherical, or He could have made water run uphill instead of down, or he could have caused the ocean to hang on the hillsides instead of settle in the basins, or He could have made the sun to move around the earth as the moon does. *But He did not.*"

Again, the question is not one of power, but of method. An eminent professor in a famous eastern university was once interrupted in his discussion of the origin of the earth by a student who inquired belligerently whether God "could not" have done some natural thing in an entirely unnatural way. The professor replied, somewhat testily:

"Surely He could; but He wouldn't have been so stupid!"

Stated explosively, and with evidence of temper, that sounded almost blasphemous; but after thinking it over for some years, I feel that I can quote it quite reverently.

* * *

"I Saw in the Paper—"

WHILE I was missionary in England, a certain Liverpool pastor went on the warpath. Three members of his congregation had joined our Church, and from then on he was militantly anti-Mormon. He published a pamphlet which reiterated all the charges against the Mormons that had been made and refuted thirty years before.

His accusations got some newspaper publicity, and he went to the head of the government in an effort to have all the Mormon missionaries deported. Naturally, in our tracting, we kept meeting people who had read of his activities.

One day I met a woman who said:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, distributing Mormon tracts. I have read in the paper what this Pastor says about the Mormons, so I know all about you.

"This pastor's charges are ancient history," I replied. "The only reason they seem new to you is because they are so old that peo-

ple have forgotten about them. They do not even make sense; surely, you do not believe they are true?"

"They must be true," she replied, "or else they wouldn't dare print them in the current news."

"But you have read only a part of the current news," I answered. "This Pastor carried his charges up to the Home Secretary; and in the paper of such and such a date, the Home Secretary—the head of your government—gave out a signed statement that he had investigated this Pastor's charges, found them without basis in fact, and could see no grounds for proceeding against us missionaries. Does not that clear the Mormons of those absurd and lurid accusations?"

And she answered: "Oh, well, you can't believe everything you see in the paper."

Further argument appeared futile. So it proved.

This woman had achieved that most comfortable and deadening state of mind, which enabled her to believe only what she wanted to believe. She was proof against facts, and impervious to authoritative statements; she would not even consider whether or not a certain matter was true, but only whether it agreed with her ideas. She actually seemed proud of her ability to ignore such truths as she did not like.

She would have made a loyal follower of anyone whose opinions she could accept. There is something fine in this type of loyalty; but it seems too bad that it is so often misplaced. But the real leaders are those who can distinguish truth from error and modify their own and their followers' beliefs accordingly.

The accidental elevation to positions of leadership of men possessed of the above described "follower" type of mind has probably been one of the most important obstacles to religious progress for several centuries past; much, if not most, of the persecution of the middle ages was due to men of this type of mind being placed in positions of power.

THE END

WISDOM consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and following what is conduced most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory."—*Landor.*

POETRY



Plea

By Dorothy J. Buchanan

LITTLE house, my silent friend,
Holding me within your walls,
Help me to do just one thing—
Be at home when evening falls.

Please send out a steady light
Roseate shadows on the snow
So that when *they* come at night
They may quickly know

That their mother is at home
Cooking spicy, fragrant things
With a heartbeats bright and warm
And a heart of love that sings.

Sunset

By Christie Lund

THE weary day draws slowly to a close.
As though her tired feet would linger
here
Within this hour of peaceful solitude
And dew dusk, when heaven seems so
near.

Across the sky she drops her colored cloak.
A lovely thing of orange, silver, rose;
She leans her head against the purple hills
While evening's arms around her gently
close.

She pauses, listening, to the nesting birds.
She sees her image in a crystal lake;
A quiet calm sinks deep into her soul
Dissolving noon-day's hurt and burn-
ing ache.

And thus, her poise renewed in this brief
space
Of sweet communion with her heart's
high light;
She gathers up her spangled cloak and
stalks
Beyond the hills, leaving the world to
night.

Some Things I Love

By Christina M. Stacey

I LOVE the moist rich furrows, deeply
brown,
That in my field in rows go up and down.
I love the tangy fragrance of the soil
That stains my shining plow with earthy
spoil.

I love the tender shoots of growing grain
That veil the brownness of my fertile plain
With faintest green, as though some artist's
hand
Had lightly brushed his colors o'er the land.

I love the graceful grain that gently sways
To scented breezes in the golden days.
It whispers to me little secrets, sweet,
Of happy days and joys that are complete.

Indian Summer

By Della Adams Leitner

WITH flowing plume, gay colored, in
the wind,
With cloak of richest hues, so debonair
He comes, alluring us with promise fair.
A courtier more gracious we'll not find.
Forgetting frosty, cloudy days behind
We trust his seeming candor, unaware
That ere October passes he will dare
To leave us cold and cheerless, unresigned.

But oh, the gifts he leaves, new dreams
and old;

A book of perfect lyrics—every day
A wondrous poem—The manifold
Exquisite landscapes rivaling those of May.
Deceiver? Yes, but hearts that still can
hold

These gifts forgive his brief, intriguing
stay.

These Things I Love

By Catherine E. Berry

I LOVE the smell of rain-drenched earth.
The feel of mist against my face,
I love the sound of wind at night
Setting a swift and reckless pace.

I love to walk where sea waves break
In dashing spray against the shore,
When Nature's unleashed fury strives
To shake the world with one giant roar.

Autumn in the Canyon

By Ida Rees

THE quiet road beside the lazy stream
Winds slowly upward, through the
narrow way,
Till past the jutting rocks, most suddenly,
The widening walls present their full
array.

Here all the color of the summer's close
Is gathered for the tardy year's display.

The crimson flush of maples, lavishly,
Joins here the opulence of flaunting
gold;
And yellow splashes of the aspen grove
Meet russet, bronze and amber quaintly
scrolled;

Encircling blue and points of piney green,
Combine in patterned figures manifold.
This muffling cover wrapping rocky height,
An oriental carpet old and rare,
A far-flung drape that blankets peak and
glen

In cushioned softness rich beyond com-
pare—
A silent call to worship at a shrine—
Ah, Beauty, kneel—*This is a rug of
prayer!*

Manti Temple

By Frank Jonas

AS pure as the clouds,
As strong as the hills
For the joy of those
Who do as God wills.

Autumn Music

By Helen Maring

THE fiddles of autumn are gypsy and
plaintive,
A voicing of hunger, a crying of home,
A luring from greenwood that now is
constraining—
But always the need to be restless and
roam.

The fiddles of autumn are plaintive, trans-
lating
The hunger of earth for the leaves of
the wood,
The hunger of skies for the song-birds
migrating,
The hunger of souls for the fair and
the good.

The themes of their music are magic with
minors,
The wanderlust notes, the glissando of
storm—
And echoes of beauty more fragile and finer,
Of summer remembered and golden and
warm.

Although there is pause in the winter
night's stillness,
A beauty of rest that our souls under-
stand—
The longing of autumn is almost an illness
With wind-gypsy fiddles that play
through the land.

The Lord's Day

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

A TIME to give a silent thought to God,
So oft forgotten in the rush of things;
A time to look up from the path I plod,
And let the inner self of me take wings;
A time to calm the fevers of my soul,
And seek the grace of inward harmony,
Acknowledging the right of God's con-
trol—
All this, and more, the Lord's Day means
to me.

A time to turn from every rankling spite,
However deep it be, however long;
A time to contemplate the worth of right,
The weakness and futility of wrong;
A time to lift the incense of a prayer,
And seek the needed strength for days to be,
That I may be sufficient for their care—
All this, and more, the Lord's Day means
to me.

Allegiance and Actions

ANOTHER season of Mutual Improvement has dawned, bringing with it another slogan to color the program and awaken members of the organization to consciousness of their relationship to the Church. The slogan for the new season is not breath-taking in its first meaning, but in the light of analysis it stands out as a beacon illuminating the way toward a realization of the blessing and glory of membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

By My Actions I Will Prove My Allegiance to the Church!

More than a simple agreement, this slogan emerges from detailed consideration as a mile-post marking another step along the road of life to eternal salvation. In it are expressed the necessary requisites to full standing in the Church, to active participation, to support of its leaders and to joyous realization of its blessings.

A definition of terms might not be amiss. The Church referred to in the slogan is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—that God-restored plan made clear through revelation under proper authority. Its teachings, as expressed in the Articles of Faith, include belief in God the Father, His Son Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost; in man's own responsibility for his deeds; in salvation through the atonement of Christ under conditions of obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel; in authoritative power vested in certain individuals today; in the divinity of Scriptural utterance; in modern revelation; in freedom of worship; in obedience to civil law; in honesty, chastity, benevolence, virtue, all good; in seeking anything virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy. A system not lightly to be accepted in view of the tremendous responsibility it entails!

What is allegiance? Devotion is another name for it; fidelity still another. Loyalty, homage, constancy, fealty—these numerous terms denoting respect and observance and compliance are synonymous with allegiance. And these are the qualities which the M. I. A. slogan, once accepted and repeated with sincerity, binds us to prove. Truly a task worthy of the best and strongest!

How shall we prove our allegiance; how demonstrate our devotion; how convince others and ourselves of our loyalty and constancy and fidelity to our Church? The characteristics named are abstract in and of themselves; the Church is abstract, in and of itself. But, strangely enough, the proof of one to the other must be made concretely, consciously, observably.

Allegiance carries within itself the impetus to serve. Devotion engenders a desire to do something for the object of devotion; fidelity presupposes a proof of faithfulness; loyalty tells a story of doing something to show loyalty. A dozen old adages might be quoted to indicate the fact that many people have had many thoughts along

the line presented above: "By their fruits ye shall know them;" "actions speak louder than words;" "the proof of the pudding is in the eating;" "what you are rings so loudly in my ears that I cannot hear what you say"—and so on, indefinitely.

It is not in a religious realm alone that actions must prove intentions; that attitudes are demonstrated by behavior; that sincerity is put to the test of scrutiny. No patriot ever held standing as such by the simple act of flag-waving. When the land of his love demands his services, his wealth, his life, even, he gives them if he is a patriot in more than name, and if not he is no longer one in name. A husband demonstrates devotion in ways which require complete forgetfulness of self; a mother gives proof of her faithfulness in her willingness to give of her time and energy and thought to further the interests of the objects of her motherhood. What sort of mother would it be who would wrap herself in her own self-sufficiency and repeat over and over again a formula of devotion, the while refusing to lift a finger to do the work necessary in helping her children to go forth from their home well-fed, well-clothed, well-taught?

By actions, and in no other way under heaven, can we prove our allegiance to the Church. To accept a theoretical belief in God and his Son and then to sit idly by and watch their teachings ignored and hear their names profaned is more than futile—it is cowardly and despicable. To assert belief in the authority vested in the Prophet currently empowered to speak in the name of God and then to ignore the principles and advice he sets forth and interprets is to nullify all protestations of belief. To repeat the thirteenth article of faith as one of the foundation stones of the structure which is a Latter-day Saint life and then to engage in or even countenance dishonesty, unchastity, selfishness, evil, ugliness, things unworthy of praise is to destroy all right even to claim allegiance to the cause so inseparably tied up with the positive manifestations of the tenets formulated in the statement of Latter-day belief.

Actions directed toward negative ends prove absence of all loyalty and fidelity. Conversely, allegiance may be proved indisputably by positive demonstration through action. With sincere hearts and a motivating determination to bear out in life what is stated in the words, may every young Latter-day Saint bring to pass all the glory of the possibilities indicated in the slogan of the M. I. A. "By my actions I will prove my allegiance to the Church."—E. T. B.

The Organ Played

IN need of rehabilitation, I stepped into the Great Tabernacle, along with nearly a thousand tourists to sit under the inspiration of the great organ. Alexander Schreiner was at the console.

There in the mystic shadows of the historic

place, our pioneer fathers seemed very real. Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, Jedediah M. Grant, George A. Smith, and many others whose lives are intertwined with the history of this people and of the City of the Saints were present with me in memory. It seemed that their faith, their integrity, their strength were represented in the mighty arch above me, in the solid pillars which support the gigantic dome, in the size of an auditorium which must have been out of proportion at the time it was constructed.

How and why did these men build so well—why did this people rally to their call?

Then Alexander Schreiner touched the keys and the old organ spoke—breathed a song by Bach, the immortal, interpreted by the young Mormon musician. The old master through the old organ by means of the expert fingers and the tender heart of the organist spoke of beauty, of immortality, of the importance and the permanence of the soul. Emerson once said, "If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being." If ears are made for hearing then Bach, the old organ, the young musician need no excuse either. That day there in the Tabernacle they were the very witnesses for Beauty.

Schreiner's fingers ran through "If I Were a Bird," Henselt; "Enchanted Bells," Haberbier, and then into the Pratt-Careless hymn, "The Morning Breaks."

Then I knew how and why! "The dawning of a brighter day majestic rises on the world," Brigham Young and the others had caught the flush of dawn—had seen the night break into the new day. And so, there were the tabernacle, the organ, Alexander Schreiner ready to interpret Bach.

It was fitting that the organist should play "Darling I Am Growing Old" as the old melody of the day, and that he should close his program with Wagner's inspired "Love Death," from "Tristan."

No matter what derogatory things evil men may say of Brigham Young and his day, there stand the Great Tabernacle and the old organ as testators. A shrine to beauty was early set up in the desert to which the most cultured, the most refined people of the world may come for inspiration and rehabilitation.—H. R. M.

In Memory of Elder Horace Moore Carlton

ALTHOUGH it has been several months since the death of Elder Horace Moore Carlton while filling a mission in the East Central States, we feel that a word in memory of him and his work should appear in this magazine. Through some accident the death of Elder Carlton was not called to the attention of the editors until recently when his relative, Mrs. George H. Leigh, called at the office of *The Improvement Era*.



Elder Carlton, son of Bishop H. Cash and Winifred Moore Carlton, was born at Basin, Wyoming, August 16, 1911. He lived the greater part of his life in Lovell and later Worland, where he took part as most boys do in the regular routine work of the Church.

He accepted a call to fill a mission and left home on December 31, 1933, to enter the Mission Home in Salt Lake City. He was later set apart as a missionary by Elder Melvin J. Ballard and was assigned to labor in Louisville, Kentucky. He reached the mission field on January 14, 1934, and shortly thereafter was invited to take a three days' trip through Kentucky, Virginia, and West Virginia with President Heber J. Grant and President Miles L. Jones.

On February 1, 1934, he entered a hospital to undergo a minor operation. He lapsed into unconsciousness and never recovered, passing away on February 3. He is survived by his father, his stepmother, one brother and five sisters. His mother died in 1921.

Elder Carlton's work is finished upon this earth. He has fought the good fight, even though he died in youth. His parents and relatives may well be proud of the record which he left.

Political Advertising

THE Improvement Era Committee, at a meeting which was held some time ago, concluded to accept political advertising to be run in the magazine. This constitutes a new policy which will be adhered to this year.

However, the management and the editorial staff wish it to be understood that the magazine will continue to maintain a non-partisan attitude in its editorials and regular reading matter, although when matters of morality seem to be involved, the magazine, like any good citizen of the nation, reserves the right to throw its weight with the side which seems to be standing for righteousness.

The political parties have been notified.

The Magazine, as always, reserves the right to reject any advertisement which seems contrary to the best good of its readers and the Management and the Editorial staff must continue to be the judges.

is told linking these pictures together in an unique and marvelous episode of causing "The Desert to Blossom as the Rose."

Those who are seeking information on the Restoration of the Gospel find much interest and valuable instruction in the story shown by the stained glass windows of "The First Vision" of Joseph Smith as he knelt in prayer in the Grove on the Hill Cumorah, and "Elijah the Prophet" appearing at the Holy Temple to fulfill his mission of "Turning the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to their fathers," an event which Malachi (4:5-6) had predicted. This latter window opens up the subject of Genealogical and Temple work.

Many saw most of this part of our exhibit last year. In a successful attempt to hold their interest, Professor Avard Fairbanks prepared two additional masterpieces of sculptured figures. At the north end of the booth is represented "The Tragedy of Winter Quarters." In this group is symbolized one of the great truths that has so often been met by the human race; the struggle of man against death; the strength and courage and fortitude of master spirits resisting and overcoming the power of destruction and Death that ever reaches out to grasp them. To appreciate the meaning of the great truth here expressed one must see it in connection with, or in contrast to, its companion group of sculptured figures which symbolizes "New Life and New Frontiers."

Every new truth that has been born into the world has come after a struggle. The pain and the sorrow and the travail of giving birth to truth seems to be required of those who bring it forth, even as the mother must suffer in the bringing of new life into the world.

And so it was in the beginning of the dispensation of the fulness of times. Through the Prophet Joseph Smith and his associates a great light had been seen. Religious truths, new to this generation, had come into the world. Those who proclaimed it had been driven from pillar to post; from one state to another; and finally, after having built the city of Nauvoo, were driven into the wilder-

ness. Here the same threatening hand of death had pursued them. At Winter Quarters, on the banks of the Missouri River, they found a temporary resting place, a camp on the frontiers of civilization where they paused to recuperate and make preparations to face the desert, the savage Indian, and the desolation of an abandoned and unknown wilderness. Because of the hardships and lack of proper food, clothing and shelter, disease and scourges came upon them. Death stalked among them robbing parents of their children and leaving children orphans. To these people life was a stern reality and they faced the tragedy of life before them, but not without hope. In the statue we see the father and mother with their child in the open grave before them. The sculptor has written deep meaning in their faces

"ETERNAL
BY AVARD

The
Mor
Exhi
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The male is characteristically placed as the foremost figure. He has to provide for the physical necessities of life. The mother is the central figure and she is raised upon a pedestal. This is an evidence of the esteem in our western civilization in which we hold woman-kind and particularly mothers. Here we feel the refining, uplifting influence in her expression of purity and confidence as she looks forward. Pure womanhood is the inspiration of conquering manhood. The boy holding the books is the expression of the younger generation seeking understanding. He faces a new frontier, that of intellectual attainments.

"PROGRESS"
FAIRBANKS

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and figures. There is grief but not despair. There is sorrow, but strength and determination are felt in every line. There is a realization of death and desolation, but they do not face it with faltering step. Faith in their high destiny radiates from them and we feel that they are born to conquer. The mantle of sorrow has fallen upon them and envelops them, but it binds them together in a common purpose and protects them against utter despair. A conviction of the truth of their religion sustains them. They will not falter, they cannot fail. Though often hungry and weary with fatigue, their hands raised the great Mormon Tabernacle and magnificent Temple out of the sagebrush in the heart of the desert. In one generation they rose from the log hut of the pioneer to the home of comfort.

In the heart of the Rockies an empire was built.

After the pioneers have conquered their frontiers infested with wild animals and savages, their sons and daughters have now to build upon their strength and sturdy foundation a new western culture and civilization. (This group will be used as the November cover.)

The group symbolizing "New Life and New Frontiers" is not an incident expressive of any particular happening in the life of a people, but it is a portrayal of a universal conception of a people as a whole, a group who realize that the "Glory of God is Intelligence," and they therefore labor strenuously to conquer the soil that they might enjoy its fruits and also build up a new culture seeking God and His intellectual inspirations.

eration seeking understanding. He faces a new frontier, that of intellectual attainments.

The pioneers faced the West, with a background of persecution and with physical adversities confronting them. The youth of today, with a background of sturdy pioneer stock, faces the world with its social problems, with many mental adversities to conquer, and with intellectual frontiers which are most complex. All these, in addition to the necessity of providing for the physical maintenance of life, in a grossly selfish world, make the youth face the new world with the same fortitude of body as his forefathers and with that same determined spirit and faith in the future. The youth of today stands ready to carry forward the advancement of a new civilization.

LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

AGE OF INNOCENCE (R. K. O.): Interesting study of social-moral problems of the '80's. Lovely settings and costumes, fine human qualities, a story of true love and final sacrifice combine to make a compelling picture. *Mature.*

BARRETS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M. G. M.): Exquisite picture of the courtship of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning done with brilliant subtlety and harmony. *Mature.*

Caravan (Fox): Gypsy-love and irresponsibility, with touches of farce make a gay, haunting picture. Charming for *Family*.

JUDGE PRIEST (Fox): A kindly, friendly, absurd picture with Will Rogers in a perfect part for him. Appealing for *Family*.

SERVANT'S ENTRANCE (Fox): Poor little rich girl who masquerades as a servant to prove her worth. Settings in Swedish mountains. Swedish version of picture available. *Family.*

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (Para.): The lovely, absurd old story, full of love and tears and laughter, is admirably done. *Family.*

THE WORLD MOVES ON (Fox): An excellently staged and acted picture, well on the upper plane of screen fare. Has something of the flavor of "Cavalcade," coming closer to Americans than did the first one. *Family.*

AS THE EARTH TURNS (Warners): Like the book the picture moves slowly, but offers pleasant, homely entertainment for *Family*.

BABY TAKES A BOW (Fox): The little Shirley Temple captures new honors and holds old ones in this. A mixture of heart interest, slapstick and melodrama cannot spoil the little star's spell, but the picture itself is somewhat exciting for children. *Family.*

BRITISH AGENT (Warners): Excellently done, this picture lacks something of vividness. The stars, Leslie Howard and Kay Francis will make it enjoyable for their followers. *Mature.*

DESIRABLE (Warners): Graceful and appealing story of adolescence, its charm lying in its sweet spirit of youth. *Young People.*

HANDY ANDY (Fox): Will Rogers as a business man forced by his wife into a life of pleasure makes a delightful comedy for *Family*.

JANE EYRE (Monogram): Well known story smoothly presented. *Mature.*

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M. G. M.): Fairly well presented story of a young man's efforts to go straight after five years incarceration. *Mature.*

GRAND CANARY (Fox): Story showing the struggle of a physician to regain self-respect after the apparently fatal failure of a serum which he has

EACH month the "Era" presents a page of screen news—previews and reviews—with the thought that many readers will be glad to have some idea of the pictures being shown currently. Those who attend picture shows and want to see good films but are desirous of missing the mediocre (or worse) will welcome a short summary of screen-stories together with estimates of their value. The previews are original whenever it is possible to see films long enough ahead of their distribution to make it worthwhile; otherwise they are estimates made by groups of interested people who have access to the studios' preview showings of pictures. The groups associated are: National Society Daughters of the American Revolution; National Society of New England Women; General Federation of Women's Clubs; California Congress Parents and Teachers; National Council Jewish Women; Women's University Club. In stating the aims and objectives of issuing summaries and estimates of pictures the group says: "Select your pictures. Go to those you know are of fine type. Stay away from those that you know are trashy or objectionable. Your admission ticket is a definite contribution toward setting standards of production."

Audience classifications signify the following, generally: Children—up to 14 years; Young People—from 18 up; Mature—not interesting to children; Family—children accompanied by adults.

worked for years to perfect. A superfluous triangle story detracts from an otherwise good picture. *Mature.*

PARIS INTERLUDE (M. G. M.): Another worse than mediocre story wasted on good actors. Too "set" to be acceptable to the average audience, it has also the handicap of unsound ethics to detract from its interest. *Mature*, but not recommended.

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG (Para.): A crime picture in which the condoning and glorification of lawlessness is a dangerous element. Not recommended.

HOUSEWIFE (Warners): A picture which begins with promise of something fresh and different turns into an annoying trite affair which even a good cast cannot save from mediocrity.

Best of the Month

CARAVAN (Fox): A rollicking musical extravaganza centering about gypsies at the grape harvest festival in Hungary. An unimportant plot, involving a countess forced by her father's

will to marry within the few hours left before her twenty-first birthday, in a film elaborately staged and pervaded with haunting gypsy melodies. *Family.*

THE CAT'S PAW (Fox): From the story by Clarence Buddington Kelland, Harold Lloyd scores a bit in Kelland's comedy of a missionary's son used as a pawn by crooked politicians. After his unexpected victory in a mayoralty campaign, he is framed. He then tricks the politicians. Sly humor, droll Chinese proverbs, good fun. *Family.*

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO-Radio): From the novel by Charles Morgan. The struggle between love for the English sweetheart of her girlhood and loyalty towards her German husband, who returns wounded in the war, is successfully though sadly fought by a sensitive young woman. A picture which is sombre, tense and dramatic, but will nevertheless prove interesting, fine entertainment with its ideal cast, masterly direction, beautiful photography and capable interpretation. *Adults.*

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M): A brazen girl vows to marry a millionaire. Her methods and ethics are unwholesome; her deeds belie her words. *Adults only.*

HIDE-OUT (M-G-M): A human story with good comedy, fine cast, capable direction and interesting shots of farm life. *Adults and young people.*

ONE MORE RIVER (Universal): Galsworthy's novel brilliantly brought to the screen by an all-English cast. Based on the inefficacy of existing divorce law in England, this film is distinguished by clever dialogue, exceptionally good acting and a convincing atmosphere of cultivated English life and humor. Its ethical value is debatable but its artistry is unsurpassed. *Adults.* (The Jewish Council and the P. T. A. consider it one of the best of the month for adults.)

Short Subjects

CHRIS COLUMBO, JR. (Universal): A modernized cartoon version of the efforts of Christopher Columbus to finance his eventful trip across the Atlantic, with Oswald, the Rabbit, in the leading role. Clever, amusing entertainment for all. *Family and junior matinee.*

YOU BELONG TO ME (Para.): Young David Holt steals this film, which records the unhappiness of a little boy torn from the life of the theatre, which he loves, when his mother remarries. A simple human story, well directed and acted. *Family.*

NAME THE WOMAN (Colum.): A blundering young "cub reporter" solves a murder mystery and in so doing

(Continued on page 612)

* M U S I C *



Choral Music and the Art of Conducting

A Review of a Course Given by Nobel Cain

By HILDA MILLER

PART I

EVERY person enjoys a hobby. Why not make music a hobby? Some people collect books until they have massive libraries of valuable volumes. Why not collect music and have a music library? One might not sing or use all of the collected material, but there is the joy of having such a collection. Old folk songs, classic selections and any other type that might appeal to the individual could be added to such a library.

Music is the language of the emotions. Musicians are by nature emotional. If one is not emotional he "should get out of the music field."

Because musicians are emotional they have a tendency to become fanatics and are called such by many people. A musician should avoid becoming fanatical on any one phase of music but should, instead, broaden his perspective, and not become narrow-minded.

In listening to a musical selection one should feel impressed. There is eloquence in words and they should be sung so as to tell a story and be in a conversational style. The words should be pronounced in a manner similar to a dramatic reading. One should also look for the beauty in the harmony of the selection. By looking at a musical score one should be able to tell its form.

The music-teaching profession should make music as important a study as are other subjects. Music teachers should train and educate themselves up to the same level as other teachers. They should thoroughly understand their own subject as well as many others. Until this is done music will be considered less in value than other subjects and professions. Music should become one of the greatest subjects of all; it has more ramifications than many other subjects, and if delved into will make the music pursuer one of the most educated of mankind. This education will bring the culture that people are endeavoring to obtain, for through a thorough knowledge of various subjects one gains the culture that is worthwhile. College degrees in music are not adequate alone; education is the answer. One should have a desire to know. When one becomes

amused by studying he is becoming educated.

In traveling over the country Mr. Cain has found that there are two great things lacking generally in the music field:

1st. Lack of music education and of other subjects.

Musicians are content to sit back and take it easy when it comes to educating themselves along other lines.

2nd. Lack of materials.

Teachers don't know what to teach or what kind of music to use; where to get music, or what type is best for different ages of people.

To become educated takes work. Our life is very short. Why waste it? Why waste one moment of it when there are so many things to be learned? After work one is prone to waste time, often going to a movie which nine times out of ten won't be worth sitting through. This time should be spent in research work and in studying up on subjects which will make for a better cultural life. There are so many phases of music that could be studied to advantage, which would give one a better understanding of the subject he is working with.

Take the period of the Dark Ages, for instance. How intriguing and enticing that age is to study and how much there is to learn about it which would add greatly to our knowledge of music of that time and what came out of it and how it has influenced our own age. And this goes for any age of the past. In our mind's eye let us try to picture the Dark Ages with its knights, robbers, implements of war; without lights, radios, printing presses, sanitary conditions, doctors, lawyers, offices, sidewalks, and many other things. What would there be left in life—nothing whatever it seems. It was a fascinating era and yet we let it pass without studying it. Out of all of this darkness, however, they preserved some of the music of their time. They had their singing minstrels who kept alive some music of that era. The choral music which was sung in the monasteries was preserved, but at that time it was only for those within its walls, and never given out to the masses. To be truly

educated, musically, one should know about the histories of the past.

There are six main divisions into which that music is classed. They are: Science of Music, Theory of Music, Actual Application of Music, Musical Forms, History of Music, and Aesthetics of Music. A discussion follows:

1. Science of Music.

Science of Music is one of the most important phases of music, yet just 9/10 of the average music profession know very little about it. In fact, without this scientific phenomena there wouldn't be music, for music generates out of nothing. For example, if one moves a pencil rapidly in the air it causes a sound which is produced because of the vibrations. All sounds of any kind are obtained by vibration of some substance. If vibrations are regular tone is produced; if irregular, noise is produced. There are only two kinds of sound vibrations—tone and noise. The highest number of vibrations that the average person can hear per second is 38,000, the lowest number is 16 vibrations per second. Some scientists give the ratio as being from 30 to 30,000 vibrations per second. As vibrations increase, pitch rises. At each place where the vibration is twice as fast as at any other place, it registers one octave higher.

The eye sees purple at 750 trillion vibrations per second. Red is seen at 390 trillion vibrations per second.

In between the extreme sound limits, which is 38,000 vibrations per second to the minimum vision vibrations, which is 390 trillion vibrations per second, comes the heat vibrations and radio waves with the possibility of the vibrations of touch and smell.

It is vibrations which cause the overtones. When a string is played upon, the fundamental tone is produced. By some phenomena of nature the string will vibrate in two halves at the same time that the whole string vibrates. It will then vibrate into thirds and then into fourths.

Each part of the vibrated string will be an octave higher than the fundamental tone. Each segment produces a tone to the fundamental one until there are about 40 overtones. It is these overtones or partials that give

the tone quality. Because the voice of the young singer has overtones the quality of tone is enriched. This is one reason why a chorus composed of young singers is so beautiful.

The piano is used as the standard musical instrument, as it has the tones we are most familiar with. The piano's low A has 27 vibrations per second, one octave higher has 54 vibrations per second, and so on until at the top of the piano there are 4,100 vibrations per second. Because the piano is the basic instrument all conductors should be able to play it as well as the violin or some other string instrument.

We have from 88 to 100 tones, while the Greeks had 3000 tones in all, but our ears have been trained to hear the steps as they have been established today.

The pitch we use today is based upon A above middle C and it has 440 vibrations per second.

Tempered pitch has been classified as follows:

440 vibrations per second—concert.

435 vibrations per second—international.

426 vibrations per second—scientific.

The tempered pitch of the octave is divided into 12 equal steps. The octave ratio is 2:1. It was the great composer Bach who worked out tempered pitch. Tempered pitch is not nature's pitch, but man's in which there is flexibility; absolute pitch is nature's pitch with no variations.

One note is considered a tone, two notes an interval, three notes a chord, and any more than three is also considered a chord. The building of notes on the staff is analogous with the dimensions of mathematics.

2. Theory of Music.

(a) We get the sound.

(b) We must know how to put it together.

(c) We must know how to use this sound.

(d) We must know how to apply it.

3. Actual Application of Music.

(a) Vocally.

(b) Instrumentally.

We should know how the instruments themselves are made, what their range is, what key they are made in, something about the voice box, and many other phases which will help us in the actual application.

The above three divisions—Science of Music, Theory of Music, and Actual Application of Music—should be studied and delved into as thoroughly as possible as music is fundamentally based upon these facts.

4. Musical Forms.

(a) Vocal.

(b) Instrumental.

(c) Dance.

The latter could be omitted because it does come under the instrumental heading; but because it is a somewhat

distinct form, it may be classed separately.

Following is an example which clearly explains the above four divisions.

(a) A tree is made—scientific aspect.

(b) It is cut into boards—theory aspect.

(c) It is made into a building—the application.

(d) What kind of a building will it be—musical forms.

5. History of Music.

This is a very important phase, for to know the history of music one is better able to understand the composers of the various ages. One should also become well versed in the history of the world politically and religiously, for it is through knowing these histories that one understands what has influenced the music of various periods, and we are better able to understand the music of our own age.

The ages of the past have been musically divided. A discussion follows:

From the time of Adam to 600 B. C. there was a period of music which is called the Indefinite Period. This is called such because not much is known of the music of this age. Music was passed on from one person to another; it was allegorical, mixed with mythology; there were also the inspired writings. From 600 B. C. to 500 A. D. is what is known as the Grecian and Roman Period. Something of the music of this time has been preserved for us. At the beginning of this period the Greeks started to record music. The Jews recorded music as did the Chinese. The Romans were imitators of the Greeks. The Greeks and Romans used the word music to include all arts. From this date to 1500 A. D. is the period known as the Dark Ages. During this era the greater part of the music was of the choral type. This form of music was confined to the Monasteries and the great mass of people was left out. History tells of such men as Genghis Khan and Tamerlane and the wandering minstrels of their reign who were the fore-runners of our secular music. The coming of Columbus shocked the people and started new thinking. Then there is a period of 200 years, 1500 A. D. to 1700 A. D., known as the Classical Period. As the name indicates there was a trend toward classical music which also manifested itself in literature and painting. The Transition Period is set from 1700 A. D. to 1800 A. D. In this period comes the great composer Beethoven. He was the gateway between the old and the new music. This period affected music, literature, and art. The Romantic Period is from 1800 A. D. to 1900 A. D. During this period there were composers of every type. Music was more romantic, it spoke about the

trees, the moon, the stars, etc., and got away from the formal and Puritan style. The end of this period leads up to the present day which is being called the Modern Period. It is yet to be learned just what type of music will develop out of this period.

HISTORY OF MUSIC

Up to 600 B. C., Indefinite Period; 600 B. C. to 500 A. D., Grecian and Roman Period; 500 A. D. to 1500 A. D., Dark Ages; 1500 A. D. to 1700 A. D., Classical Period; 1700 A. D. to 1800 A. D., Transition Period; 1800 A. D. to 1900 A. D., Romantic Period; 1900 A. D. to 1934, Modern Period. (To be Continued)

Lights and Shadows on the Screen

(Continued from page 610)

assures the election of the "right man" for mayor. This mystery melodrama with its newspaper background, exciting pursuit of the villain and bits of comedy will amuse the average audience. *Adults and young people.*

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (*United-Artists-Reliance*): The Alexander Dumas historical romance has been transferred to the screen with the painstaking care and all the elaborateness of detail it deserves. A great production, often a thrilling one, worthy of the engrossing story on which it is based. *Family.*

DAMES (Warner): A gay, artistic and entertaining musical extravaganza with even more lavishly produced dance sequences than "Forty-Second Street" carried. *Adults and young people.*

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE (*First Nat'l.*): An adaptation of S. S. Van Dine's murder mystery of the same name that adheres closely to the original story but lacks in suspense. The incidents are weird and hold the interest, but the development is slow and lacks clarity and therefore the excitement that one expects from the excellent plot is missing. *Adults and young people.*

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warner): Delightful comedy treatment and fine acting by a well balanced cast makes this a thoroughly entertaining production. The story is based on the Elmer Davis novel. *Family.*

LIFE is a mission. Every other definition of Life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance on many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim."—Mazzini.

* MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD *

"Acquiring the Habit"

The Boy

PRACTICALLY every boy who smokes began the habit clandestinely, a condition that would have been impossible if fathers had possessed the full confidence of their sons. Furthermore, it is the ordinary boy, and not the exceptional one who acquires the habit. He comes alike from the homes of the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the saint and the sinner, the lofty and the humble. He is the ordinary boy with the ordinary boy's aspirations and temptations. There are exceptions, of course, both better and worse, but this is the boy in which most interest should center, because he forms the bulk of boys.

To the ordinary boy the lure of adventure alone is often sufficiently strong to tempt him into the taking of his first cigarette, even though he may have been previously warned against it; with the untutored and untrained boy the habit is even more easily acquired. The curiosity aroused by the curling smoke and the sweetish odor of the cigarette is almost irresistible even to the average boy who knows better and quite so to the one who has not been taught the necessity of resistance. This is all especially true if the cigarette is being smoked by an older boy who is regarded as the leader of the crowd.

Smoking is commonly acquired within the so-called "hero-worshipping" stage, a period during which the boy's thoughts, ambitions and deeds are prompted almost exclusively by the daring and adventures of others. During this period he begins to feel the power of possibilities coming upon him, and he is willing to undertake almost anything for the sake of experience. He feasts upon the stories and adventures of others and longs for participation. His ideal is the hero who swings into prominence through a single act of courage. He longs for a following and to follow. He wants to do anything and everything. He must be active. He is impatient and cannot center himself upon any one thing for more than a short time. This is the usual, ordinary boy. One who does not possess some such qualities is sick and needs a physician.

No one should expect that this bundle of seemingly erratic impulses would conduct itself in the manner of man, or that it could be relied upon to do the same thing more than once in the same way. When temptation appears this boy is just about as likely to resist as to accede. If he is left alone, however, there is no question that he will soon lend ear to the voice of tem-

peration. It is during this period that he commonly learns to smoke. He longs for experience which he sees others enjoy. He may remember some warning, relative to its evil effects, but that seems like a fancy in comparison with the pleasurable participation right before him. He witnesses the apparent enjoyment of smokers and feels that he is missing a large part of life's pleasures. He sees men smoking; he longs to be a man and feels that smoking would make him manly. And so he smokes and has his experience of subsequent sickness. But to him the reward of this is that the following indulgences are attended by less severe disturbances, until finally he can smoke without being sick, which to him is an achievement becoming of manhood.

Then again he smokes because of the pleasure which clandestine indulgence brings to him. A smoke on the veranda, in the presence of father and mother would be robbed of its chief charm, while one secretly indulged in behind the barn-yard fence or within the willow thicket is ideal. The pleasure of doing a thing without being "caught at it," is to him of the highest sort, and more particularly if he feels that he is under suspicion. Even older people are not wholly unacquainted with the lure of secrecy.

And still later the boy smokes because he enjoys being regarded as tough. After he has passed the stages of secret smoking he walks up and down the busiest thoroughfare, smoke in mouth and hat askew, with the hope of shocking his friends. He wants them to know that he smokes, and, further, that he is doing it in defiance of their non-approval.

He has long been told, at least by example, that while smoking may be bad for boys, it is harmless for men. He begins to look upon himself as a man, and feels that he has a right to wear (smoke) the distinction. He feels that he has escaped the evils of youthful indulgence and that he can now smoke with impunity. But long before this stage is reached the vicious tendrils of nicotine have worked their way so thoroughly into his system that he has become enslaved to the habit. He smokes now not only because he likes it but because he cannot do without it. His experience has caused him to exchange positions with nicotine; once he was master and commanded; now he is servant and obeys.

Thus the normal boy, through yielding to temptation, is gradually and often quickly carried into a servitude from which release is seldom accomplished. In this connection one point at least is noteworthy: *The boy who acquires the habit does not do so be-*

cause he is bad, but simply through yielding to the normal impulses for adventure peculiarly characteristic of this transitory period. Any plan designed for the prevention or treatment of the cigarette habit among boys must use this fact as its groundwork.

Encouragement From Grownups

BY no means the least important factor in starting boys upon their cigarette-smoking careers is the direct influence of certain grownups. Only in very exceptional cases, however, are adults ever known actually to advise boys to begin smoking. As a matter of fact, even the strongest advocates of tobacco and those most debauched by it, regard such an action as little short of criminal. The laws of the State of Utah go so far as to declare that any act whatsoever on the part of an adult leading directly to the use of tobacco by an individual under twenty-one years of age, is punishable as a misdemeanor, entailing either fine or imprisonment or both. The matter is regarded with such seriousness that even the purchasing of tobacco by a child for its parent is prohibited by law. Strenuous efforts are everywhere being made to prevent grownups from thus directly contributing to the delinquency of minors. While of course infractions of this law are altogether too numerous, yet they sink into insignificance in comparison with the harm done in other ways.

The gravity of the whole situation is attested by the fact that smokers and non-smokers have united in the adoption of a great variety of means designed to prevent boys from smoking—that is forceful means. And herein lies a deplorable condition. Adults know that tobacco is injurious to boys, and have resorted to numerous schemes, chiefly compulsory, to keep it from them. Grownups have even made it a criminal offense for a boy to have tobacco in his possession. The intention without doubt is a commendable one. At the same time, adults know that tobacco is harmful to grownups, and they try to excuse their own use of it by telling the boys that age establishes a kind of immunity against it.

If there can be any question whatever in the mind of anyone as to the injury of tobacco to adults, an inquiry from an old smoker should settle the matter. Even the most robust individuals who have used tobacco for some time invariably admit that it has been injurious to them, and, furthermore, they advise younger men to abstain from it. Science has proven that tobacco is harmful both to old and

young, although the evil effects may not be so pronounced in the former as in the latter.

The absurdity of the situation is revealed in the fact that adults brand smoking among boys as not only harmful but criminal, while among themselves it is harmless and almost saintly. A cigarette-smoking boy when apprehended is promptly taken before the law, but in most cases, even a preacher may carry his lighted cigar to the very steps of his sanctuary and then be hailed as a servant of the great Master. To the average boy the whole affair is taken with about the same grace as are the statements of a bald-headed barber in trying to sell hair tonic. Smoking-parents may be able to deceive their children when quite immature, but the ordinary boy sees through his father's ruse long before the parent suspects it. As proof of the effects of smoking-fathers upon their sons we need only observe that smoking is almost universally practiced by the boys in such families.

Dr. J. R. Leadsworth says of the encouragement given by fathers:

"Can it be supposed for a moment that in a home where tobacco fumes constantly permeate the rooms, such a powerful volatile poison would have no deleterious effect upon the mother and children who spend almost their entire time in such an atmosphere? Does it not seem reasonable that a child reared from the cradle under such conditions should present symptoms of nicotine poisoning even though it has never become a victim of the habit? But how few boys, when the husband and father is addicted to its use, escape the injurious habit? When we remember with what pride the boy looks upon his papa, and what interest he takes in a recital of the daily details of the parent's life—all of which proves to him that no other boy has such a father—it is reasonable to expect that he would be eager to follow his example even in this harmful practice. Too often the practice of smoking is taken up during the impressionable years of childhood and youth, with the result that the brain faculties never fully develop."

Following the enactment of a stringent law dealing with the use of tobacco by minors, the public school teachers of California recently began a campaign against narcotics. By far the most serious difficulty encountered was the nearly universal practice of smoking by grownups. The following question was discussed at one of the institutes and later submitted by the State Superintendent to a number of California's most successful public school teachers:

"What's the use to tell the children about the effect of tobacco? We can talk to them all day and then go home at night to see the very people they

think most of in all the world, smoking like a house afire. They see people hale and hearty who have been using tobacco every day for fifty or sixty years. They see the rich and prosperous enjoying it. They constantly see educated people, fashionable people, using the weed. What's the use after that for the school teacher to tell them it is poisonous, that it stunts their growth, that it kills them off, and all that? We waste our time and get nowhere in that way."

Teachers from every part of the state voiced a strong protest against the deceiving and deterring attitude of smoking grownups. They agreed that the duty imposed upon them by law was thus made many times more difficult. Some few even felt that the task was an impossible one, but the great majority insisted that right is right and should be taught even in the face of smoking parents.

Mrs. James E. Armstrong, President of the Board of Trustees, University of Illinois, voices the same protest from quite another section of the country:

"There are few cigarette smokers in the high school. Smokers usually fail to get through the grammar grades. Few ever graduate who smoke before they enter the high school. As a rule the smoker is dull and unable to concentrate his attention upon his work. It is difficult to arouse him to any degree of enthusiasm. So long as men indulge in smoking it will be hard to persuade the boys that they should shun it, and so long as boys continue to learn the habit there will be men to perpetuate it."

Parents and others who knowingly or otherwise teach children to smoke will get but little comfort from the following statement of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, enumerating the various calamities accompanying the use of tobacco by children:

"You mothers, whose boys are just beginning at the age of ten to find opportunities to acquire the cigarette habit, what may you expect if they do? Here are a few of the possibilities:

"They will acquire a habit which may bring them into sympathetic associations with the boys who are going to the bad.

"They will be slaves to a habit which segregates them from the common crowd of travelers and spectators.

"They will join the procession that is made up of marchers with hesitating steps, shaky hands, and palpitating hearts.

"They will unfit themselves for athletic sports and high attainments in their studies.

"They will weaken their resistance to disease and fall easy victims to infection.

"They will exclude themselves from many activities leading to higher pay and preferment.

"They will waste large sums of money while doing themselves lasting, perhaps even fatal, injury.

"They will more readily become victims of alcohol, cocaine, opium, and other narcotic drugs.

"They will mar the efficiency of their work.

"They will shorten their lives.

"Their presence will disclose itself to the nostrils of all their associates."

Tobacco Advertising

ALONG with the natural desire of children to imitate grownups, and the carelessness or willingness of grown-ups to provide unsavory examples, the American tobacco combination plays an important part in inducing boys and young men to acquire the habit. The history of the combination began in 1890 with the coalescence of several independent concerns. The profits were enormously large, so that by 1906 its aggregate capitalization including bonds reached \$450,395,890, and at the same time controlled practically 80% of the tobacco business of the country. In 1911 the combination was proceeded against under the Sherman Anti-trust act and later declared unlawful, so that at the present time it is doing business under various successor companies.

The profits and resources of the tobacco manufacturer's combination are such as to justify advertising almost unparalleled in any other line of business. Billboards from one end of the country to the other are placarded with advertisements eulogizing the virtues of various brands. There is scarcely a street car in any city of the nation which does not display one or more cards advertising tobacco, and even some magazines fill their pages with showy announcements.

Apparently one of the most profitable sources of returns are the advertisements producing the statements and pictures of authors, singers, and even athletes, who bear testimony of the flavor and superiority of certain brands. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that no advertisement has yet been reported in which any individual ever extolled a tobacco because of any service it renders. In misleading advertisements this or that particular brand is commonly recommended because of the absence of "bite," the peculiar flavor, the pleasant feelings of rest following its use, etc., but no one seems to be able to mention any of its virtues or dares to mention any of its real effects.

The wonder really is not that so many boys learn to smoke, but that so few of them escape. A normal boy, with normal impulses, encouraged by habits of his father and goaded on by the enticing advertisements of tobacco companies, can scarcely be expected to do otherwise.—From Dr. Frederick J. Pack's "Tobacco and Human Efficiency."

★ WARD TEACHING ★

Ward Teacher's Message, Nov., 1934

Church Standards

THE world today is not only in financial distress, it is in religious, moral and social chaos as well. Never before have so many conflicting ideas—good and bad—confronted the people of the world.

In this chaotic condition Satan is exceedingly aggressive. Every possible effort is being made to lead people astray. Many good people are being deceived. Churches are changing their creeds. Society is accepting customs and practices true Christians must rebel against. Moral standards are being lowered to an appalling degree. Heresies are creeping into some of our educational institutions.

In all this confusion Latter-day Saints should be reminded that in our Church the standards set up by our Heavenly Father for the guidance and blessing of His children do not change, have not changed and will not change.

Our moral standards still demand strict chastity and personal purity. Our social standards demand fair dealing with our fellowmen—honesty, integrity, dependability and respect for the rights of others. Our religious standards demand faith in a living God, belief in the Savior and in His divine mission, belief in the mission of Joseph Smith and his successors, respect for the Priesthood, respect for the commandments of the Lord and the teachings of His servants, respect for the Sabbath day, observance of the Word of Wisdom, observance of the law of tithing and loyalty to the Church, its institutions, and its leaders.

Our Church standards do not change. They are based upon truth and truth is eternal. Latter-day Saints should be on guard lest they be led astray. We have been warned that these conditions would come. We should be prepared to meet them unflinchingly, without wavering in our faith, but with courage and determination to stand for the right and with loyalty to the Church, its leaders and its standards.

MEN want to be reminded, who do not want to be taught; because those original ideas of rectitude to which the mind is compelled to assent when they are proposed, are not always as present to us as they ought to be."—Burke.

Pioneer Stake Ward Teachers Outlines

AN effective presentation of the monthly Ward Teachers' message has been developed by Pioneer Stake. A sample of the form used and the method of presentation is printed herewith for the guidance of others who desire to make outlines of the material to be presented by Ward Teachers.

WARD TEACHERS' OUTLINE

Pioneer Stake of Zion

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

JULY - 1934

OBJECTIVE FOR THE YEAR 1934:

"To Provide Fully For The Spiritual, Physical, Educational and Recreational Needs of Our People."

TESTIMONY

I.

ALL RELIGIONS TESTIFY OF SOME OF THE GOSPEL TRUTHS

1. All religions testify of God:
 - a. The Christian testifies of Jesus Christ.
 - b. The Mohammedans of Mohammed, etc.
 - c. Buddhists of Buddha, etc.
2. Many religions embrace some of the principles and ordinances of the Gospel, as understood by the Latter-day Saints:
 - a. Faith b. Prayer. c. Baptism.
 - d. Priesthood or clergy. e. Consecration of offering.
 - f. Sacraments.

II.

WHAT DIFFERENCES SHOULD EXIST IN THE TESTIMONY OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS AND THE TESTIMONY OF OTHER RELIGIONS?

1. The L. D. S. testimony of God is: "That He is Exalted Man, the Father of Jesus Christ, and the Father of all spirits."—First Article of Faith.
2. The L. D. S. testimony of man is: "That Man is Eternal."
—D. & C. 93:23-29.
3. The L. D. S. testimony is: "That Works Must Accompany Faith."
4. The L. D. S. testimony is: "That Revelation is Continuous."
5. The L. D. S. testimony is: "That Redemption is Possible After Death Through Repentance and Obedience to the Gospel."
6. The L. D. S. testimony: "Must Come Through the Holy Ghost—a Spiritual Awakening."—I Cor. 12:3.

III.

WHAT IS THE EFFECT OF A TESTIMONY THAT A FULNESS OF GOSPEL TRUTHS IS TO BE FOUND IN THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS?

1. "It permits a partaking of the fruits of eternal life." John 17:3.
2. "It fills the soul with joy." I Nephi 8:11-12.
3. "It gives freedom to the soul." John 8:32.
4. "It permits correct worship with resulting exaltation." D. & C. 93:19-20.

* * AARONIC PRIESTHOOD * *

Aaronic Priesthood Convention at October Conference

ONE of the most important meetings of the year for Aaronic Priesthood leaders will be the Aaronic Priesthood convention held in Salt Lake during the October Conference. All leaders coming to conference are urged to provide time for attendance at the convention. Those in nearby stakes are especially urged to make an effort to attend. This is one of the few occasions when local leaders have contact with the Presiding Bishopric and receive direct information and instructions regarding this important work.

Primary Association Extends Effective Cooperation to Lesser Priesthood

IN the new plan for closer cooperation between the various organizations of the Church, the Primary Association has taken a commanding lead in securing results. In its work of enlisting eleven-year old boys and assisting in preparing them for the Aaronic Priesthood the following record has been made as reported to the Presiding Bishopric by Superintendent May Anderson and her associates:

Number of stakes reporting.....	100
Number of wards reporting.....	892
Number of 11 year old boys in stakes.....	6,898
Number of 11 year old boys enrolled in Guide Classes in Primary.....	5,931
Number of 11 year old boys not enrolled.....	967
Number of boys graduated last December.....	971
Number of boys graduated last March.....	1,025
Stakes with 100% enrollment.....	10
Wards with 100% enrollment.....	455
Percentage of enrollment for entire Church.....	86%

Adult Aaronic Priesthood Lessons

Prepared by Elder George W. Skidmore, Adult Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor, Logan Ninth Ward, Cache Stake (Continued from September Era)

LESSON TWENTY-TWO

1. The Kingdom of Judah. Its Destruction.
2. Captivity of Judah. Destruction of Jerusalem.
3. Jeremiah—Lehi—Mulek.
4. Death of Zachariah. His fam-

ily killed and scattered.

5. Refer again to Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-Nego. (See Lesson 4.) The Stone cut out of the mountain without hands.

6. Part of the Tenth Article of Faith, "We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the Restoration of the Ten Tribes."

7. Return of Judah from Babylon.

8. The Kingdom of Judah now the Kingdom of Israel.

References

Dr. Smith's Old Testament History, Chapters 25, 26. Also Biblical References contained in these chapters. (The preparation of this lesson will require much reading.)

LESSON TWENTY-THREE

1. Hardships of the Jews in rebuilding Jerusalem.
2. Rebuilding of the Temple.
3. History of the Jews from their Return from Babylon until the Advent of Jesus Christ.
4. Condition of the Jews at the time of Jesus Christ.
5. Who was Flavius Josephus?
6. Josephus' account of the Siege and Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.
7. Scattering of the Jews.
8. What became of the House of Israel?

References

Dr. Smith's Old Testament History, Chapter 27, page 626. Also Biblical references in this history. Life and Words of Josephus by Whiston; Josephus Antiquities of the Jews, Books 19 and 20, pages 559 to 616; Josephus Wars of the Jews, Books 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, pages 607 to 833. (The preparation of this lesson will require much reading.)

LESSON TWENTY-FOUR

1. Restoration of the Ten Tribes—Scriptural Importance.
2. What our Church Today Teaches concerning the Restoration of the Ten Tribes.
3. The Gathering of the Jews—Scriptural Importance. Orson Hyde's Mission to Palestine.
4. Part of the Tenth Article of Faith, "We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes."
5. What our Church today teaches concerning the Gathering of the Jews.
6. Show how Israel is being gathered.
7. Have each member of the class tell what country he or his ancestors came from. (This will impress the principle of the gathering.)
8. The appearance of Moses and

Elias in the Kirtland Temple and the purpose of their visitations.

References

Articles of Faith by Talmage, Lecture 18, pages 341 to 354 with all scriptural references therein contained. History of Church, Vol. 4, pages 106, 112, 113, 114, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 495, 496, 497, 498 and 499, all concerning Orson Hyde's Mission to Palestine.

LESSON TWENTY-FIVE

1. Review of Lessons Twenty-One, Twenty-Two, Twenty-Three and Twenty-Four. (Make personal assignments in advance for this lesson.)

LESSON TWENTY-SIX

1. Where the Jews are to be gathered.
2. Where the Tribe of Ephraim and the Ten Tribes are to be gathered.
3. Establishment of Zion in America—The New Jerusalem.
4. Rebuilding of Jerusalem for Christ's Reign.
5. Zion to be established before the Ten Tribes and the City of Enoch return.
6. Part of the Tenth Article of Faith, "We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent."

References

Articles of Faith by Talmage, Lecture 18 and 19. Pages 341 to 366, with all scriptural references. Compendium, pages 89 to 93; 157 to 163.

Joseph Smith's Own Story

Extracts From His History Written in 1838

(Continued from September)

"22. I soon found, however, that my telling the story had excited a great deal of prejudice against me among professors of religion, and was the cause of great persecution, which continued to increase; and though I was an obscure boy, only between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and my circumstances in life such as to make a boy of no consequence in the world, yet men of high standing would take notice sufficient to excite the public mind against me, and create a bitter persecution; and this was common among all the sects—all united to persecute me.

"23. It caused me serious reflection then, and often has since, how very strange it was that an obscure boy, of a little over fourteen years of age, and one, too, who was doomed to the necessity

of obtaining a scanty maintenance by his daily labor, should be thought a character of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the great ones of the most popular sects of the day, and in a manner to create in them a spirit of the most bitter persecution and reviling. But strange or not, so it was, and it was often the cause of great sorrow to myself.

"24. However, it was nevertheless a fact that I had beheld a vision. I have thought since, that I felt much like Paul, when he made his defense before King Agrippa, and related the account of the vision he had when he saw a light and heard a voice; still there were but few who believed him; some said he was dishonest, others said he was mad; and he was ridiculed and reviled. But all this did not destroy the reality of his vision. He had seen a vision, he knew he had, and all the persecution under heaven could not make it otherwise; and though they should persecute him unto death, yet he knew, and would know to his latest breath, that he had both seen a light and heard a voice speaking unto him, and all the world could not make him think or believe otherwise.

"25. So it was with me. I had actually seen a light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages, and they did in reality speak to me; and though I was hated and persecuted for saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true; and while they were persecuting me, reviling me, and speaking all manner of evil against me falsely for so saying, I was led to say in my heart: Why persecute me for telling the truth? I have actually seen a vision, and who am I that I can withstand God, or why does the world think to make me deny what I have actually seen? For I had seen a vision; I knew it, and I knew that God knew it, and I could not deny it, neither dared I do it, at least I knew that by so doing I would offend God, and come under condemnation.

"26. I had now got my mind satisfied so far as the sectarian world was concerned; that it was not my duty to join with any of them, but to continue as I was until further directed. I had found the testimony of James to be true, that a man who lacked wisdom might ask of God, and obtain, and not be upbraided.

"27. I continued to pursue my common vocations in life until the twenty-first of September, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three, all the time suffering severe persecution at the hands of all classes of men, both religious and irreligious, because I continued to affirm that I had seen a vision.

"28. During the space of time which intervened between the time I had the vision and the year eighteen hundred twenty-three—having been forbidden to join any of the religious

sects of the day, and being of very tender years, and persecuted by those who ought to have been my friends and to have treated me kindly, and if they supposed me to be deluded to have endeavored in a proper and affectionate manner to have reclaimed me—I was left to all kinds of temptations; and, mingling with all kinds of society, I frequently fell into many foolish errors; and displayed the weakness of youth, and the foibles of human nature; which, I am sorry to say, led me into divers temptations, offensive in the sight of God.

"29. In consequence of these things, I often felt condemned for my weakness and imperfections; when, on the evening of the above mentioned twenty-first of September, after I had retired to my bed for the night, I betook myself to prayer and supplication to Almighty God for forgiveness of all my sins and follies, and also for a manifestation to me, that I might know of my state and standing before him; for I had full confidence in obtaining a divine manifestation, as I previously had done.

"30. While I was thus in the act of calling upon God I discovered a light appearing in my room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noon day, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor.

"31. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrists; so, also, were his feet naked, as were his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom.

My Reasons for Joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By R. M. Bryce Thomas, London, England

(Continued from September Era)

PREVIOUS to my visiting Salt Lake City, Utah, in the months of July and August, 1896, I knew nothing of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints beyond the fact that it was commonly known as the Mormon Church.

During my stay of nearly a month in Salt Lake City I heard from those quite unconnected with their Church that the so-called Mormons, but whom I shall hereafter designate as "the Latter-day Saints," were the most peace-loving and quiet of people, honest, thrifty, well behaved and good citizens, and exceedingly kind to their poor, who were so well looked after that public begging was not known among them.

I found that this people possessed a beautiful Temple and a very fine Tabernacle, with grounds prettily laid out and well cared for; their houses, too, were neat and picturesque, with nice gardens attached to them, while they could boast of a Tabernacle Choir of about 600 men and women, the best that I have ever heard. Everything to do with this people appeared to be most excellently managed and looked after, while their missionaries were preaching the Gospel in most parts of the world, having gone out altogether at their own cost, and at a very great sacrifice of self in all cases. The Church organization of the Saints, too, appeared to be complete and effective, and it became evident to me that they were a very interesting and extraordinary people, and I therefore decided to secure some of their books, especially the Book of Mormon, in order to learn more of their character and doctrines.



PRIESTHOOD LEADERS AND BOYS OF HYDE PARK WARD, CACHE STAKE WHO HAVE MADE REMARKABLE RECORD. EVERY AVAILABLE BOY AND YOUNG MAN 12 TO 17 HAS BEEN BROUGHT INTO ACTIVITY 100% ARE REGISTERED IN SCOUTING AND VANGUARD WORK AND PARTICIPATE IN THE CHURCH PROGRAM

This I did, and after I had read some of their publications a light seemed to dawn upon me, and I commenced to wonder if we were living in the times of the great apostasy which had been predicted in so many parts of the inspired scriptures. I quote a few references to these predictions, but these are by no means all. (Isaiah 24:1-5; Matthew 24:4-31; Acts 20:29, 30; II Thess. 2:3, 8, 9, 10; Timothy 4:1-3; II Timothy 3:1-5; II Timothy 4:3, 4; Revelation, chapter 1, 2 and 3; Revelation 17:2-5.) My mind expanded still more when I had carefully read through the Book of Mormon, a book which I found to be replete with divine truths and elevating principles, and which bore the very strongest testimony to the truths contained in the Bible, both in the Old and the New Testament, a book, too, which made plain and easy of understanding so many parts of the Bible that appear at present to be vague, or regarding which the numerous sects of Christendom have set themselves against each other in argument and dispute. In

that book (Book of Mormon) it is clearly stated that the great apostate church would be upon the earth when the book itself would come to light. In Revelation St. John spoke of the apostate church of the latter days as "Babylon" (Rev. 14:8), and as "Mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth" (Rev. 17:5), and he added that this apostate church was to rule peoples, multitudes, nations and tongues (Rev. 17:15), which would make it almost if not quite universal.

Now the question which concerned me was whether the Church of England, of which I was a member, was a portion of that church to which the Bible predictions in respect to the great apostasy referred, or whether the church of Rome or some other Christian church, was the only one alluded to. That it was a Christian church to which the texts in the Bible referred is not, I think, likely to be denied by anyone, and indeed we know that even in as early days as those in which John the Revelator himself lived, he dis-

covered the commencement of apostasy in the seven truest churches of Christians among those then existing. (Rev. chap. 1, 2 and 3.) The other branches of the then Christian church would appear to have gone altogether wrong, for these seven were, it seems the only ones worth divine mention, and they too were becoming so corrupt even in those early days that God threatened them with complete rejection.

In order to enable me to arrive at a just and proper conclusion, it was necessary for me to turn to the Bible as my guide, and to ascertain therefrom what constituted the primitive Church of Christ, and what were the exact doctrines and ordinances as laid down by Him and as taught and practiced by His Apostles.

TO love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues."—*John Locke*.

The Old Bailey

(Continued from page 591)

Thomas Vere, Edward Bushell, and ten others, who refused to give a verdict against them, although locked up without food for two nights and were fined for their final verdict of not guilty. The case of these jurymen was reviewed on a writ of habeas corpus, and Chief Justice Vaughan delivered the opinion of the Court which established the right of juries to give their verdict according to their convictions.

But what of the Old Bailey institution of today? How does it function in the midst of the complexities of modern life? When the American tourists were ushered into the Old Bailey courtroom they were at once impressed with the prevalence of the conventions of the past. Not only the judges but the barristers as well, wore gowns and wigs. The old time quill pens were in use by some of the lawyers; none seemed to have a fountain pen. The judge was addressed as "My Lord." There was no cross-firing by attorneys as is so often seen in American courts. The constant objecting to questions as "incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial" was conspicuous by its absence, and in consequence the taking of frequent exception to the ruling of the court was also absent. Without suggestion from the

King's counsel, the judge checked the attorney for the defense when he asked his witness a "leading" question. The judge sometimes intervened in the attorney's questioning and took the witness in hand, himself, that all the material facts might be brought out. At times he made notes of the testimony, rereading to the witness to be sure the notes were correct. There was no question as to the complete dominating of the situation by "My Lord."

To the above observations may be added an incident reported in a London newspaper of a reprimand given an attorney who had appeared in a white waistcoat in court: "I can't hear you and I can't see you. White waistcoats are not permitted to be worn in court. It is an ancient rule which I am going to observe."

OUT of this formalism and adherence to convention seemed to proceed a dignity that inspired respect. The success of the Old Bailey institution in apprehending criminals and meting out punishment appeared refreshing in view of American laxity in law enforcement. The case in court at the time of the American visitors' attendance, is a striking example of the efficiency of the English court. There were sixteen defendants charged with conspiracy to defraud insurance companies through starting fires and collecting insurance. So carefully had the case been pre-

pared that all sixteen defendants were convicted and given sentences ranging from four months to fourteen years. It required six and a half weeks to hear the case. Justice Humphreys, in commenting on the service rendered by the nine men and three women that constituted the jury, had the following encomium to offer: "It is no light thing to ask of twelve citizens that, without reward, without even being paid their out-of-pocket expenses, they should be detached from their ordinary avocations for such a period as six weeks."

One other case heard at the Old Bailey during the summer attracted attention. Two youths had been arrested, after a lively chase and a sharp encounter, for what was stated to be the first armed robbery in England in which the American methods of the sawn-off shot gun was used. One of the culprits was sentenced to five years penal servitude and eighteen strokes of the birch, and the other, four years penal servitude and twelve strokes of the cat. "The judges of the land," said the court in passing sentence, "are determined that this sort of offence shall not be allowed to gain ground in this kingdom."

Their youth, however, the judge added, elicited some degree of mercy. Had they been more mature, each would have received ten years penal servitude, together with their flogging.

In these cases are reflected the spirit of the Old Bailey of today.

MUTUAL MESSAGES



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. W. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN
Executive Secretary

Sunday Evening Joint Programs

*Under Direction of the
M. I. A. Officers*

November

Bee-Hive Program

1. Song—"Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel"—Congregation.
 2. Prayer.
 3. Song of Joy—Bee-Hive Girls.
 4. Glimpsing Through Our Bee-Hive Program (20 min.)—Bee-Keeper.
 5. Music—Bee-Hive Girls.
 6. The Builders' Purpose (5 Minutes)—A Builder in the Hive.
 7. Honey Gatherers' Song—Honey Gatherers' Swarm.
 8. What Bee-Hive Work Has Done For Me (5 min.)—A Gatherer of Honey.
 9. Our Inspiration (The Bee-Hive Promise with Salute)—All Bee-Hive Girls.
 10. Womanho Call—Bee-Hive Girls.
 11. Inspirational Talk—by a member of the Stake Presidency, a High Councilman, a member of the M. I. A. Stake Board, or other fine speaker.
 12. Song—"Carry On"—Congregation.
 13. Prayer.
- Bee-Lines and Merit Badges earned by Bee-Hive girls during the summer may also be awarded at this meeting. These awards might be made just before singing of the Womanho Call and

should be made in as quickly and orderly a manner as possible.

This program should be exceptionally well prepared and presented. It is to be remembered that it is being given on Sunday evening and should be spiritual and uplifting and at the same time give the audience an understanding of and a feeling for Bee-Hive work. The songs should be well learned. Bee-Keepers should begin working on this program as soon as Mutual begins in September so that the necessary thought and preparation may be given it.

The item on the program "Music—Bee-Hive Girls" may consist of violin number, a duet, trio, quartette, or chorus. It is desired that Bee-Hive girls shall give this number, but it may be a special number other than Bee-Hive songs. However, it must be appropriate for a Sunday evening service.

The talk "The Builders' Purpose" by a Builder in the Hive should be in the nature of what the girl is looking forward to in her Bee-Hive work. We suggest that the Builders' Swarm all arise and repeat the Builders' Purpose under the direction of the girl who is to give the talk. She should analyze the Builders' Purpose as it appeals to her and tell what she expects to do during the coming year to live by that purpose. Also show that Bee-Hive work and the activities in cell filling will aid her in living up to the Builders' Purpose. She might comment on some of the cells in the various fields she has

(Continued on page 628)

December

*A Program of Public Speaking,
Music, and Stories.*

1. Hymn—"O Say What is Truth."
2. Prayer—An Adult.
3. Music—Chorus or Instrumental. It might be one illustrating some sacred theme studied in the Music Appreciation course.
4. The Slogan—A Ten-Minute Address. Should be from the Public Speaking group.
5. A Story—five to ten minutes—from that appreciation course.
6. Music.
7. Speech—On some such subject as "The Personality of Jesus," "The Mission of Jesus," "The Philosophy expressed in the Beatitudes," "The Spirit of Christmas," "Joseph Smith as a Religious Leader."
8. Music—A Ladies or a Mixed Chorus, presenting numbers from selections chosen by the General Music Committee.
9. Benediction.

January

*A Youth Program Similar to That
Given Sunday Evening of
June Conference*

1. Organ prelude. Sacred number.
2. Invocation—A Gleaner Girl.
3. "The Heavens Resound" or a new number by the M. I. A. mixed chorus.
4. Greetings—President of the Y. M. or Y. W. M. I. A. who will then turn the meeting over to the Presidents of the Ward M Men and Gleaner organizations.
5. Address of welcome and announcement of the program—Ward M Men President.
6. "Come, Come, Ye Saints"—Congregation.
7. Challenge to Youth—A leader in the Priesthood such as Bishop or other Adult and a Y. W. M. I. A. Leader such as the Young Women's President or the President of the Relief Society or someone else who will prepare well for the occasion (20 minutes).



PALMYRA STAKE FATHERS' AND SONS' OUTING HELD JULY 8 AT PALMYRA STAKE RANCH IN SPANISH FORK CANYON. 735 REGISTERED IN BOOK.

8. "True to the Faith,"—Choir, chorus, or congregation.

9. The Answers:
"We Will Continue in His Word"—a Gleaner.

"We Will Build Latter-day Saint Homes and Communities"—a Gleaner.

"We Will Carry the Torch"—an M Man.

"By My Actions I Will Prove My Allegiance to the Church"—an M Man.

10. "Carry On."

11. Benediction.

Note: All of the speeches in this program must be unusually well prepared if the program is to be effective. Furthermore, the leaders must be able to give the Gleaners and M Men who give the answers an idea of what they are going to say in order that the answers may be effective.

February

Boy Scout and Vanguard Program

This program will be prepared by the Scout and Vanguard Committees of the General Board and will be published in *The Improvement Era* in plenty of time for thorough preparation. Of course this program when it is published may be modified to meet the needs of the various wards.

March, April, May

Programs Similar to that Outlined for December

During the later months, wards may exchange programs if they so desire. The thought is that these four meetings will give excellent opportunity to those who are studying the various appreciation courses.

As the different months approach helpful notes concerning these programs will appear in *The Improvement Era*.

The object in printing these programs this early is to give those responsible for their preparation ample time. They are to keep in mind the fact that all Sunday evening meetings are to be spiritual in nature and are to be as unified as they can be made.

Suggestions to Music Directors

IT is the aim of the music department of the M. I. A. to foster choral music as has been done in previous years. Chorus should be organized and motivated in every possible way. For material, we refer you to the music used at the Noble Cain Course in Conducting which was given during the week following June Conference (see *August Era*). Sample copies of all of the numbers used in this course have been sent to each stake in care of the

Priesthood Stake President. They are music.

The stake music festival should again be held sometime during February, March or April, the numbers presented at this time being the outgrowth of the season's work. The program for the festival may consist of more selections given by individual ward groups than heretofore and fewer ensemble numbers. This will motivate ward work. Mixed ensemble numbers as well as selections for male and ladies' voices are found in the material used at the Noble Cain course, referred to above. It is also suggested that some of the numbers previously given at our general festivals might be used again, such as "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" and the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Tannhauser. These numbers are found in *Program Chorus Book* which has been very widely used in the M. I. A.

In addition to this we offer the following for male and ladies' voices.

MEN'S VOICES

1. March of the Men of Harlech—No. 5385—G. Schirmer—9c per copy.

2. Roadways—Eisler—Kalmus Publishing Co., 209 West 57th Street, New York City—15c per copy.

3. Sing Me a Chantey With a Yo Heave Ho—No. 0184—Sam Fox—15c per copy.

4. Bless the Lord, O My Soul—No. 833—Boston Music Co.—15c per copy.

5. In Luxembourg Gardens—No. 7371—G. Schirmer—12c per copy.

6. The Bell-Man—Forsyth—No. 13614—Oliver Ditson—15c per copy.

7. Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming—Praetorius Concord Series No. 24—E. C. Chirmer—8c per copy.

8. Song of Bohemia—No. 6637-13—J. Fischer and Bro.—15c per copy.

9. Golden Slippers—No. 7655—G. Schirmer—15c per copy.

LADIES' VOICES

1. Turn Thee to Me—Katherine Davis—No. 491—G. Schirmer—16c per copy.

2. Songs My Mother Taught Me—

Dvorak-Stickles No. 3118—Chappel Harms—15c per copy.

3. To Be Sun on the Water—Schubert No. 5999—Carl Fischer—15c per copy.

4. Let Us Rejoice, All Ye Faithful—Graun-Saar No. 5134—Carl Fischer—15c per copy.

5. Gypsy Fires—Bryceson Treharne No. 5206—Carl Fischer—15c per copy.

6. Pirate Dreams—Charles Huerter No. 13715—Oliver Ditson—15c per copy.

7. Last Night—Kjerulf-Stickles No. 3123—Chappel Harms—15c per copy.

8. Grant Me True Courage Lord—Bach No. 806—G. Schirmer—12c per copy.

9. Serenade—Schubert-Trinkaus No. 5098—Carl Fischer—15c per copy.

Boise Stake Reports Success

OF special interest to Boise Stake have been the summer projects carried on this year. Old Folks' Day, sponsored by the Stake Board of M. I. A. in cooperation with the Bishops of every ward and special committees was held at the Tabernacle. A program was presented, consisting of excellent musical numbers, an address of welcome by President Heber Q. Hale, tributes to the Pioneers of Boise Stake and a lovely banquet, for which tables were spread in the park, decorated with attractive flowers and good food.

The M. I. A. candidate for Centennial Queen was introduced with nice ceremony. In the afternoon a program was furnished by people from sixty to eighty-seven years of age. Badges were given to all at the close of this wonderful occasion. It was the first day of its kind held in the Stake and the M. I. A. is proud to have sponsored it.

The next big event scheduled is to be the Hobby Show to be given in connection with our Quarterly Conference

(Continued on page 629)



NORTH SANPETE STAKE FATHERS' AND SONS' AND MOTHERS' AND DAUGHTERS' AND SCOUT OUTING JULY 24. PICTURE TAKEN ON STEPS OF MANTI TEMPLE UPON RETURN FROM SKY LINE DRIVE

ERA AND PUBLICITY



WITH mutuals ready to begin in the thousand and more wards of the Church, plans are being completed for an *Era* drive which promises to be the most successful ever carried on. Some wards have not waited—they have jumped the gun and have gone out and finished the race already.

Croyden Ward, Morgan Stake, determined to be first this year, since they missed being first only by minutes last year, turned in their entire quota and one more on July 10. The ward was small, but the work was big. On August 25 came the following wire from Montpelier Stake:

AUG 25, 1934.
IMPROVEMENT ERA
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
MONTPELIER STAKE AND
MONTPELIER FOURTH
WARD ARE HEREWIT
CELEBRATING STOP
FOURTH WARD HAS TO
NIGHT MORE THAN
GONE OVER THE TOP
WITH THEIR QUOTA OF
ERAS AND ARE STILL GOING
STRONG FOR TWO HUNDRED
PERCENT STOP WE ARE HOP
ING THEY ARE FIRST IN
CHURCH STOP CHECK SENT BY
MAIL TONIGHT.
R. RAY NIXON, ERA DIRECTOR,
MONTPELIER, STAKE.

Since this telegram was received we have had word from Montpelier Stake that Montpelier Second Ward has gone over the top with a subscription of 46; their quota is 43.

The largest ward, and the third to go over the top this year, is the Ogden Seventeenth Ward, Mount Ogden

Stake. With a quota of 110 they are already credited with 114.

An unusually fine piece of work is being done in the Sixteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, where W. H. Earnshaw, *Era* Director, has been fostering programs and applying the ticket purchases as payments on *Improvement Era* subscriptions. He has enough names on his lists now of people who have purchased tickets to make his

provement Era envelopes were used as dance programs.

OGDEN 17th Ward, Mount Ogden Stake, says the letter which is sent out bearing the letter-head shown below had much to do with their success. They are on the budget system. They assess the families able to pay \$12.00 per year and allow them to choose one Church magazine. Those interested in establishing the budget system might write Ogden 17th for their plan.

Stakes and Wards Well Organized

REPORTS received from members of the M. I. A. Boards who have visited conventions are to the effect that, in the main, the *Era* campaign will be unusually successful this year if preliminary work is any criterion. Nearly all of the stakes visited thus far this fall are getting their ward solicitors gathered up and educated for the intensive drive during *Era* Week, October 14 to 21.

A few wards have already gone over the top, but the campaign will be most intensive next month when all of the stakes will swing into action. No stake has as yet gone over the top and there probably will not be until after *Era* week.

Last Minute Bulletin

MANILA Ward, Timpanogos Stake, has gone over the top. Every subscriber of last year re-subscribed, according to C. L. Warnick, *Era* representative, and he is adding other names to the list.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

The Whole Town's Talking About The

IMPROVEMENT ERA BALL

Where?
AT BEAUTIFUL RADIOLAND

When?
WEDNESDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 29, 1934

Admission 50c Per Couple

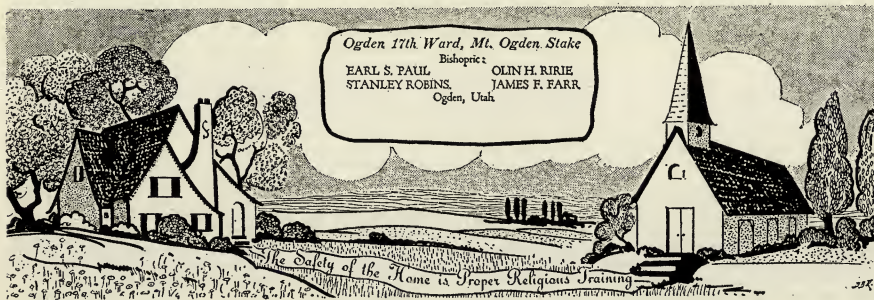
MUSIC BY NITE HAWK ORCHESTRA

Public Invited

quota and he expects to have the entire amount by the opening night of Mutual. His entertainments began early in the summer with a strawberry festival for which he charged 25c a ticket. He was able to sell enough tickets to non-residents of the ward to pay all of his expenses.

Twin Falls Stake Tries a New Era

TWIN FALLS STAKE had a unique ball on August 29 which was expected to produce enough money to meet the quota or to make the remaining work easy. "Save For The Im-



ARE ALL ABOARD?

A D U L T S

IT'S A JOY RIDE!

*An Adult Excursion Into New Fields of Joy*1. *Two Main Vehicles.*

- a. The Adult Manual (carries us up into the spiritual realm).
- b. Appreciation Courses (for exploring the cultural and aesthetic world).

Alternate from one to the other and make a complete tour. "Half way down ain't no count." You cannot ride in one vicariously for the other.

2. *Tour Leaders.*

- Invite all.
- Make everyone comfortable.
- Choose the route.
- Maintain the time schedule.

3. *Side Trips.*

- To homes of hobbyists.
- Helpful hikes (projects).

4. *Main Stops.*

- For Social Enterprises.
- For Exhilarating Activities.
- For Personal Experiences and Observations.

Oct. 30, Jan. 29, Apr. 30.

Personal Experience Night October 30

WHAT stirring stories will then be told, what precious experiences revealed, what sacred confidences shared in these intimate M. I. A. Adult circles of which love and mutual confidence are the center.

Let no adult lose the privilege of being present in his own group on the evening of October 30th.

Prepare your contribution now for this unique, soul satisfying occasion. There will be only two other such opportunities this season. Invite your neighbors!

Save the Dying

HEAVEN never looks down upon a more awful sight than suicide of the soul—the smothering of the divine spark within.

In the name of Him who taught love, mercy and righteousness for life's sake and to revivify the dying race, we charge you—help save the dying! Those numb, dumb, inert, torpid, stolid souls who cannot cry out for help, but who are hopelessly sinking

down into senselessness with stunted spirits and enfeebled faculties. Go not by un pityingly. Each is a child of God—precious beyond price.

Arouse them from the deadly inactivity that atrophies the mind and stultifies the soul. Lead them from the dank, cheerless prisons of their shut in selves out into the sunshine and freedom of a goodly and smiling life.

Bid them look up to the heights of life as Israel to the symbol held high by Moses' hands in the wilderness—and be made whole. Impel them to drink the elixir of life that is life indeed.

A Prayer

FATHER, inspire and guide me in my search for the larger life. Quicken my insight that I may see beyond the obvious and the trite. Enlarge my vision of the beautiful and the true. Save me from pedantry, self-worship and self-pity. Help me to find the forces in my own nature through which I may most enrich the lives of others. May I never be unmindful that true culture radiates love through simplicity, gentleness and repose. Help me to express graciously the vision I shall find. When I fail, look Thou with compassion into my heart, and read there what I aspired to be and was not. Amen.—Fredrick Ames Staff.

Should Group Leader "Settle" Questions?

THE notion has been advanced in some circles that the most successful discussion is one that leaves "all in the air." But, we answer the above question unhesitatingly: "Yes, if he can." Provided always, however, that the Leader can draw a conclusion for the group after the discussion is over by presenting the clearly stated facts of Mormonism. These facts are not open to question. Inferences on the other hand are matters of opinion and no Leader should insist that his own individual notions or inferences be accepted by the group. All should learn to distinguish between a fact and an inference. Difficulties in discussion often

arise when they are confused. Of course, some questions cannot, perhaps should not, be settled.

No Group Leader should hesitate to state the facts on any matter upon which the Church has clearly spoken. We do know many things.

Little Joys Lengthen Life

HOW many years has one to live?

The experts of the life insurance companies figure out the average length of a man's life in varying occupations and environments, but they cannot tell one what is most important to the individual—how long he has to live.

"Fortune may end one's life tomorrow. How wasteful, therefore, to fuss and to think scatteringly, to dally with the trifles of the day, to be baffled by the swarm of insignificant, oppressive incidents and so to miss the pleasure, the success of living, through lack of authority to command one's mental attitude!"—*Bigelow Magazine.*

"A Guide to Civilized Loafing"

By H. A. Overstreet

THE book for the Adult Department reading course has the unusual title. 'A Guide to Civilized Loafing.' This title may connote in the minds of some an idea of spending time unprofitably, whereas in reality the book is devoted to just the opposite idea. It attempts to place civilization into leisure time in such a way that the leisure will be enjoyed and at the same time be profitable.

"I believe that this book goes parallel to the real objective of M. I. A. leisure time guidance more than any book we have had on any of our reading courses. Overstreet has written a number of books on similar subjects, and he is therefore well prepared to discuss this particular topic. He writes in a fascinating style, and he makes it a real pleasure to read his book.

"The discussion of a serious subject of this kind might be very dry, but in this case the writer's style carries one through the subject matter in a very attractive manner. It is a book that all officers of Mutual Improvement, regardless of department, could do well to read, because it would offer many suggestions to them in their work."

—Dr. Franklin S. Harris.

SENIORS



"J. Golden Kimball"

THE reading course book for this year is certain to be of interest to every member of the Senior Class. It would be well if the class members in the various wards would get started on the book early in order that they might be able to use it, upon occasions, as a subject for conversation. At the Annual Conference last April President Kimball added a gem to his long list of gems. An extract from that speech is given here, bringing the book by Claude Richards up to date.

Thought and Its Expression

THERE is safety in thought, but great danger in the expression of one's thoughts."

The idea some have is to think and study but keep still and not talk. That is, you just sit on the fence and be a cud-chewing cow and watch the procession go by. You listen and hearken and let knowledge sing in your soul, just as a sponge absorbs water, and answer in monosyllables. Some wise men never express a thought. Why? Because they trust in the arm of flesh. Fear creeps into their hearts.

That is, you assume an air of owlish wisdom and get a plaster-cast expression on your face and conclude that silence and mental dryness are indicative of wisdom, but such people seldom if ever get a bright idea in their heads or a generous sentiment in their hearts. Such men are half-way men. In a million years they couldn't prophesy. If God put the words into their mouths the fear of criticism and misunderstanding would put them to silence. * * *

Arthur Henry Young believes "that thought is the most sacred thing in the world." Of what use is thought if there is no way of giving expression to thought? There never was genius without inspiration.

In a revelation to Joseph Smith in 1831 the Lord said:

"But with some I am not well pleased, for they will not open their mouths, but they hide the talent which I have given unto them, because of the fear of man. Wo unto such, for mine anger is kindled against them.

"And it shall come to pass, if they are not more faithful unto me, it shall be taken away, even that which they have." (Doc. and Cov. 60:2-3.)

This ought to be an example unto all those who are ordained to the Holy Priesthood and moved upon by the Holy Ghost, and more especially to

those whose mission is appointed unto them to preach the Gospel. Because the instruction is that "they shall speak as they are moved upon by the Holy Ghost." * * *

President Woodruff said:

"There is not a man on God's footstool that is sent forth into the world to preach the Gospel but ought to have the Spirit of the Lord unto him and the revelation of God to him. The holy Priesthood and power of God does not stop with the prophet, seer, revelator, Apostle, or just leading men of the Church."

The reason for this is that every man who is honored by holding this holy

Do You Have a Hobby?

AS an encouragement to members of the M. I. A. to select and enjoy a hobby, a hobby show was held at June conference when many and various pro-

Priesthood and receives an appointment under the hands of those having authority, the Holy Ghost should be with him. That is, if he lives his religion and does his duty and lives a clean life.

Brother Woodruff continues:

"The Bible is all right. The Book of Mormon is all right. The Doctrine and Covenants is all right, and they proclaim the word of God. But the holy Priesthood is not confined to these books; that is, the revelations of God did not cease when these books were written."—President J. Golden Kimball—Report of Discourse—104th Annual Conference, pp. 32-33.

ducts of leisure time were exhibited in the Deseret Gymnasium. The Senior Committee is especially eager to get every member of the Senior department interested in doing something they "just love to do."

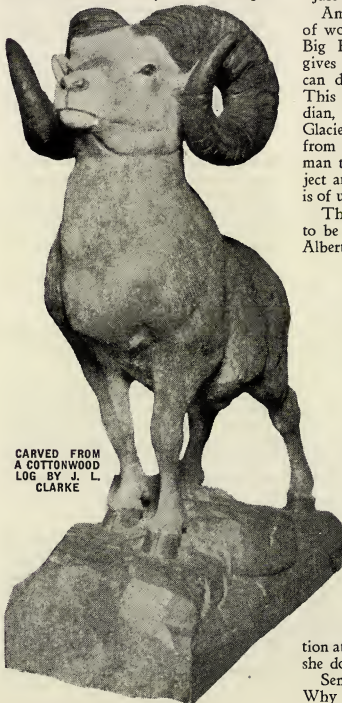
Among worthwhile hobbies is that of wood carving. The picture of the Big Horn accompanying this article gives some idea of what some people can do when they apply themselves. This Big Horn was carved by an Indian, J. L. Clarke, living in or near Glacier National Park, out of a block from a native cottonwood log. The man took unusual pains with his subject and has created a piece of art that is of unusual interest.

This piece is but one of many curios to be found in Superintendent George Albert Smith's office—nearly all of them examples of the hobbies of his friends. Superintendent Smith says that collecting curious and beautiful things might be said to be one of his hobbies.

This Big Horn was given to Superintendent Smith during one of his trips to Canada, by Jack Galbreath, of Browning, Montana, a part blood Black-foot Indian.

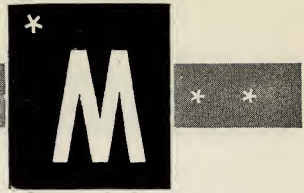
Wood carving is but one of many fields which offer opportunity. Ray Knight, of Raymond, Alberta, braids jockey whips during his leisure winter hours; Thomas K. Greaves and his son, of Preston, Idaho, build motor boats; some man in Monroe grows asters—loads of them—as witness the recent M. I. A. convention at Richfield. A lady I know, though she doesn't paint, makes art yield joy.

Senior Friend, what is your hobby? Why not write and tell us about it?



CARVED FROM
A COTTONWOOD
LOG BY J. L.
CLARKE

M M E N



Fellow M Men—Greetings

NEVER in the history of M Men activities has the world held out to us such a challenge as confronts us this year. This challenge lies before us in the form of great sweeping changes in the social and economic world about us—working hours are shorter—jobs are hard to find—plenty is all about us.

The day of the Pioneer and hearty frontiersman life is ended, we must now settle down to evolve a philosophy which will allow us all to live together in comfort, reflection and achievements in perfection. No longer are there lands to be conquered in the West. Through the ages the history of great civilizations indicate to us that our problems are deep-seated and fraught with grave dangers. The history of the ancient Greeks and Romans was broken up into two major phases. The early histories of these two great peoples show that the problems concerning the people were to make their country secure as a nation and the provision of "plenty" for the citizenry, by the conquering of new lands. This was the problem of the pioneer. Then came the reflective and contemplative period when physically men could rest from the hardships of planting, reaping, building and conquering in the visible world. The great minds then turned to a discussion and solution of the problems of the inner life, and we find Greece producing its Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Philatus and Aristophenes. Christianity was soon to be given to the world, for the world called for the "higher law." Rome produced its great dramatists, poets, government law systems, philosophers and social reforms. These countries did not fail during the period of the "hard" life but during the ease and luxury of the "easy" life.

Today in the United States, we are entering more and more upon that era in our development known as the "age of the mind" and the "contemplative life." Whether history will record the same end to our people as was written in the instances mentioned of the Greeks and Romans will depend very much on how we react to the situation.

More and more we shall find ourselves asking the questions—"Does Life have a purpose?" "What is that purpose?" "How might I attain the goal of the 'ought to be' and the loftiest heights of spirituality?" From our answers to these reflective questions will

unfold our philosophy of life which will chart the course of our lives. It is then that we will sense a great sea of undiscovered ideas and we shall be concerned with making it a reservoir to be tapped and we shall see the truly great and beautiful in life together.

To most of us this journey to this land will dispel many clouds of foggy thinking and slovenly living. Our arrival in the land of true Christian living will be as though we lifted our heads above the clouds and feasted on the sunshine and glory above. So, if we are to be frontiersmen it must be on the frontier of philosophy, the highest in religion and the best social good.

In realization of this concept the General Board of the M. I. A. have adopted a policy for the achievement of personal excellence through a development of the "gifts within us." Thus the M Men program for the coming "M. I. A. year" has set us with our faces toward the higher life.

In particular, we should urge upon all officers and supervisors of the M Men organization to organize early in each ward. Elect your ward and stake officers and send their names and addresses to us in Salt Lake City so that we may work as a unit.

The Master M Man work will go forward this year and we shall expect many to earn this award of excellence. The M Men Handbook and Guide contains all the information for the completed program. Please notice the ceremonies adopted for the presentation of the awards and medals, as well as the enlarged athletic program and financial arrangements to help defray tournament expenses.

The material this year from which you will study should be both interesting and thought provoking.

We hope to appear before you through these pages each month and to establish a publication for the presentation of M Men news and Views to M Men in the various Missions, Stakes

M Men Pledge

In order that my life might render the finest service to humanity, I sincerely pledge my best efforts to keep myself clean, to fearlessly oppose wrong, to learn modesty and manliness, and to obey the rules of true sportsmanship.

and Wards. Please write your suggestions to us at 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Sincerely your brother,
Charles J. Parkinson,
President Church M Men.

The Question and the Answer

By Carlyle Nibley, an M Man
La Grande, Oregon

O H, Youth of Zion, whither goest thou

In these latter days of such import?
Dost thou regard thy sacred heritage
And doing thus cause favorable report
Of thee and all thy actions done,
To reach home to that Celestial Being
Who counts each mortal as his own;
Who goes about his work unerring?
Oh youth, speak out—and speaking say
That thou dost honor all that's good.
That thou dost things which make from day to day

A sure footpath to the Realm of God.
This is a task which calls for work and prayer,

A reverent subject—for to carry on
That which your forebears deemed in yester-year

A righteous cause, most worthy to belong."

The old man's voice was heard no more,
But on the wings of silence which ensued,

There came a sound which grew to mighty roar.

And spoke to him in hoped for mood.

"We are the Youth to whom you spake,
Answering from every corner of the world.

Oh, Sire, we do truly stand in wake
Of God, whose banners we have kept unfurled,

That we may put at ease thy every thought

Concerning our part in God's work on earth.

Ours is a blessing which will ne'er be bought

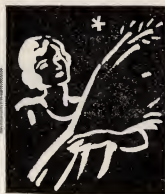
For worldly things which are of doubtful worth.

We seek for things which are of value great

Within the estimate of God's great love.
That we, too, may among immortals rate

When we're transcended to our Home above."

GLEANER GIRLS



GLEANER GIRLS throughout the Church have devised numerous ways of carrying on their annual Stake elections. In many stakes the elections have become rather gala affairs, second only to the banquets in interest and enthusiasm. One of the methods which has proved highly effective is the one which consists of introducing the various candidates by means of short stunts. Perhaps a description of this plan as it is carried on in one of the Stakes would be interesting and helpful.

The event is termed "The Election Party," and it is planned and conducted by the Stake Gleaner officers. Preparations for the occasion are begun about a month in advance at Union meeting, at which time the ward Gleaner Presidents are instructed to hold ward elections to determine who their candidate shall be, and to prepare stunts by which to introduce them to the Stake. These stunts are not to exceed ten minutes and may present girls for all three offices, or fewer as the ward group desires. The ward Gleaner presidents are asked to be prepared to report the names of their candidates and the number of individuals from their wards who intend to be present at the party, at least one week in advance of the affair. Each president is asked also to choose one member of her group whose duty it will be to cast a vote for her group after the stunts have been presented. Notice is given of a small admission fee to be charged at the door. At this time each president draws the number which indicates the position of her ward's stunt on the program.

The party is held at the Stake Tabernacle on a Tuesday night at the regular Mutual hour. It is presided over by the Young Women's Stake Presidency and is conducted by the Gleaner President of the Stake. While stunt number one is being presented, the participants of the next stunt assemble in the wings in order that they may be ready to begin as soon as the first is completed. This procedure carries throughout, in order that there shall be no long waits. Immediately at the conclusion of each act the names of the candidates in that act are written on a large board at the front of the hall. When every act has been given all the contestants take places on the stage and are presented individually once more to the audience. Following this the voters assemble to cast their ballots and the audience is directed to the banquet hall where simple refreshments are served and a musical program is presented. The high point of the evening comes at the conclusion of this part of the program, when the names of the new officers are announced and the girls are presented. It never fails to be a fitting climax to a highly enjoyable affair.

This general plan is followed by a number of stake groups with satisfactory results. For the most part the procedures differ only in such details as the manner of balloting, time of year for elections, length of stunt, etc. One stake recently has adopted the plan of holding elections during the time that the M Men of the stake are assembled at their banquet. At the conclusion of the election the M Men and Gleaners

join and have a dance in honor of both occasions.

The particular stake whose plan has been described feels that its elections have proved most successful and that such a method has many points to recommend it. It is carried on with a minimum of expense and a maximum of enjoyment. The stunts may be very simple and yet very effective and they offer splendid opportunity for the development and display of varied talent. The fact that under this plan every Gleaner in the stake is eligible to become a candidate is a point in its favor. If properly conducted it can be the means of enabling the girls to realize practically all the purposes of the Gleaner organization. It helps to train for leadership and efficiency, is conducive to greater stake and ward unity and loyalty and it serves as an aid in increasing intellectual and social growth.

Trousseau Club

FOR their summer-activity gatherings the Gleaner girls of the 21st Ward of Ensign Stake adopted the idea and name of "Trousseau Club." The girls have met on Tuesday evenings from eight to ten-thirty p. m. at different homes and have plied their needles on articles varying in complexity from crocheted bedspreads to the prosaic darning of hose. Sherbets, iced beverages and melons have been popular refreshments served at the close of the evening's work. An average attendance of 24 has been maintained during the season.

Elbert Hubbard As I Knew Him

(Continued from page 586)

written in a single hour, after dinner. The suggestion came from a friendly argument with Mr. Hubbard's son, Bert, who thought Rowen the real hero of the Cuban War. Rowen had been chosen by President McKinley to carry a message to Garcia. He was the real hero. His boy, Bert, was right. The hero is the man who does a work, no matter what the work may be. He is the one who carries the message to Garcia.

A man who can impress one to remember vividly, and recall things accurately, which occurred nineteen years ago as though but yesterday, must be great. Such a man I found Elbert Hubbard to be, a man with personality plus. That personality radiated as brilliantly as a noon-day sun. His personality was hot, it was piercing, it made light for people to read and understand. It takes a great personality to gain a following of millions such as Mr. Hubbard had and to keep them boosting for one. It takes more than a big black Stetson hat, a black flowing tie, and a grin to make people like and remember. Elbert Hubbard was always

looking for people with ideas. The Roycroft plan was cooperative, and he said he had found that such a plan begets a high degree of loyalty to the institution—a personal diligence. People who joined with the Roycrofters felt a permanency of their job and a feeling of fraternity, and everyone who worked with the Hubbards called it "My Shop!" Those who associated with the Roycrofters took a pride in their work and they were never chided for an excess of zeal, and there was no room for the ones who did not care to work, who were not interested.

One bright afternoon as Elbert

(Continued on page 638)

VANGUARDS



Pioneer Vanguard Troop Sets New Record—93% of Boys Registered in Scouting

VANGUARD troop 148 of Rexburg, First Ward, Fremont District, one of the pioneer Vanguard troops of the Church and one with an outstanding record of achievement, has bettered its own splendid record by unusual accomplishment during the past year. The story of its fine work, furnished at the request of the Vanguard committee, as told in the Vanguard Leader's own words is this:

"Rexburg, Idaho,

"Aug 26, 1934.

"Brother H. E. Sorensen, Chairman

of our Vanguard Troop Committee, asked me as Vanguard Leader to make a report of the activities of our troop during the past season. He made this request some time ago, my letter to accompany a picture of our taxidermy and archery exhibit which he said was to be printed in the *Era*. I have been most too busy to do so. I have quite a time keeping up with my troop committee. I wish all Vanguard Leaders had as good a committee to keep them 'up and at it'.

"We organized our troop into four committees, Priesthood, Advancement, Story, and Archery. Each committee had a Vanguard chairman and all boys in our district of Vanguard age regardless of church affiliation or otherwise were members of these committees. We

six scouts were also members. Each committee then consisted of ten members. The committees participated in each other's activities but planned and urged action in their own particular project. The result: attendance at priesthood meetings was improved, 73 merit badges were earned, many boys passed higher rank, 43% of the troop now being 1st class or better. 36% participated in the Re-told Story, and 47% have made their bows and arrows. These percentages do not include the scouts who participated in all activities. Our vanball team won its way through to the Church finals and took third place there.

"We had 93% of the Church membership registered in the National Council and 83% of all boys in the district registered. 100% of the total participated to some degree in troop activities. One activity that should not be overlooked was the monthly troop social, or pow-wow, which was held in a leader's home with plenty of fun and eats.

"My work with the Vanguard troop has necessitated an average of three evenings per week, but it has been a wonderful work. The troop committee, assistants and committee chairman have met with me every week and helped plan and discuss ways to help prepare these boys for better citizenship and activity in church work.

"An explanation of our picture should include a statement to the effect that H. E. Sorensen, troop committeeman and instructor in taxidermy, and S. E. (Lee) Browning, troop committeeman and instructor in archery, should be highly commended for the excellent results of their untiring efforts.

"The exhibit shows cat, dog, calf and bear hides which have been made into beautiful rugs by the boys. Brother Sorensen mounted the deer head.

"Jesse P. Evans, Troop 148,
"Rexburg, Idaho."



EXHIBIT OF TAXIDERMY AND ARCHERY, VANGUARD TROOP 148, REXBURG, IDAHO, 1ST WARD, FREMONT STAKE

A NOBLE book! All Men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem,—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here on earth; and all in such free-flowing outlines,—grand in its sincerity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation."—*Carlyle, of the Bible.*

JUNIOR GIRLS



WITH the beginning of a new season many girls are advanced from the Bee-Hive into the Junior department, there to mingle with the girls who were first-year Juniors last year. To leaders it should be a real adventure to go into a group of girls and get acquainted with them, realizing that it lies in her power to help to shape their lives, to some extent. Teachers and group leaders are sometimes more effective than parents, as far as adolescent girls are concerned. It becomes necessary for parents to be dictatorial and administer discipline and to Junior girls this is not so welcome, as a rule. Leaders have the advantage of the pleasantness and lack of financial responsibility which makes it possible for them to get near to the girls with all barriers down. It is the playful hope of the General Board Junior committee that the opportunities thus offered leaders will be accepted as blessings and privileges and that the sweetness and charm of the experiences of contact with Junior girls will be tasted in full measure.

Responsibility of Leaders

A WELL-LOVED leader of girls sets before them an example; from the actions and philosophy of their teachers, girls borrow ideas of their own. Each leader should ask herself the questions: "What effect am I having on my girls? Will they be better than they are if they follow my lead? Will they be less fine than they are if they take me as an example in some things?" And on the answers to such queries should depend her own evaluation of herself as a leader.

It is not easy to approach adolescent girls and impress them; and if the approach is made in an atmosphere of superiority the impression is lost. There must be on the part of the leader the desire and ability to listen as well as to speak; to learn as well as to teach. A Junior girl in a thoughtlessly expressed sentence can sometimes point the way to a clear understanding of Junior psychology. One said to her teacher: "I'd give anything in the world to be as good as you are and as good-looking." A teacher who was careless in her manner of dress, lacking daintiness or cleanliness of hair or teeth or breath, who regarded personal attractiveness as unnecessary would not have appealed thus to the girl who is at an age to regard charm in appearance and manner with greatest respect. A mother who has several daughters said

recently: "I find that sometimes it is necessary for me to step up to the level of my daughters' ideas. Often theirs are higher and finer than mine, if I will but recognize it and admit it."

So, Junior Leaders, go into the work which is your calling for this season with a heart full of prayerful determination to get near the girls and know their very souls. You must be one with them in everything, yet always ahead of them to guide them along a path they have never traveled before. Put your spirit in tune with them and you will find that they respond with all the loyalty of which adolescence is capable—and that loyalty is immeasurable!

The Manual

A WOMAN recently sat talking to a group of young women on the question of having families. One girl in her early twenties—a bride of less than a year—said: "I never want any children! I haven't the nerve to bring children into the world to face the awful conditions girls have to meet." In explaining her cynical attitude she pointed out the fact that there was nothing to do that seemed to matter any more—people lived because they had to, but no joy was to be found in life these days. The woman, interested with a heartbreaking intensity in the situation, took occasion to become better acquainted with the soul-weary younger one and found that no part of her life was given to service to

others or uplift to herself. Parties—bridge and cocktails—trips—clothes—automobiles—movies—radio—sensational magazines—these combined to form the pattern of life which the bride was fashioning for herself. No sense of triumph of accomplishment; no rapturous happiness in sacrificing herself to others; no harmonious satisfaction at finding herself part of a universal scheme had come to put meaning into life and significance into living for her. She knew not what joy could be, for her search for it had turned inward and was directed toward herself alone.

"Joyous Youth," the manual for the Junior girls this year is presented with the objective of helping girls to look into the channels of life through which joy can come. With sincere treatment, in which the girls are given the opportunity to analyze the problems of girlhood and arrive at some conclusions regarding their solution, the course of study can become a delightful experience.

Appreciation Courses

OUTLINED in the Junior Manual are the courses in Activity outlined for the M. I. A. this year. Under ideal conditions of leadership and housing each Junior group would be permitted to choose the course preferred; with difficulties in either of the lines specified it will be necessary to co-operate with the Executives and Community Activity Committee to arrive at a satisfactory arrangement for the Juniors.

Class leaders will have tremendous influence on the girls in their activity choices. A teacher who sees the conditions existing and uses ingenuity to meet them will be a gem in the work this year, for it will require careful consideration and thoughtful planning to get the new machinery in motion. Especially is it important that Junior girls be made to feel that the activity evenings and the Manual study-courses are of equal importance, that neither should be neglected and that neither should be emphasized to the detriment of the other. The *Era* would be happy to publish reports of any particularly successful methods and outstanding results noted in Junior classes this winter. Send communications to the Junior Committee of the General Board, 40 No. Main, Salt Lake City, Utah.

And may the season now getting under way be one of the bright spots in M. I. A. history!



WESTERN CLOUDS

Photo by Hales

BEE HIVE GIRLS



I WANT to live always,
I am asking to stay
Somewhere in existence
Enjoying the fray;
I want to live always,
New victories to win,
Defeating without by
Building within."

—Geo. H. Brimhall.

Sunday Night Bee-Hive Service

IN the Executive department of this issue of the *Era* you will find a program suggested for the Joint Sunday evening meeting in November, which the Bee-Hive department will sponsor. The purpose of this event is to acquaint the ward population with the Bee-Hive program and to give an appreciation of its beauty. Begin preparing now, that the program might be a success. To inspire one must be prepared—and more.

It is suggested that at the completion of the Trial Flights the Bee-Hive department get permission to furnish the preliminary program on a Tuesday evening. This should be in the nature of a ceremony to initiate the girl into the Ranks. If girls can secure their uniform they should wear them on this occasion. Emblems, Bee-Hive pins and Spirit of the Hive cards should be presented at this time. An urgent invitation for the parents of the girl to be present should be made. The program must be attractive and colorful and should radiate true Bee-Hive atmosphere.

A suggested program for this event would include: Bee-Hive Song; Flag Ceremony, with pledge of allegiance, using Bee-Hive salute; Builder's Purpose presented and a short preview of the Bee-Hive plan (about 3 min.); Presentation of emblems of Rank—membership pin, and Spirit of the Hive card; the Bee-Hive Promise and Salute given by Bee-Hive girls.

The entire program should be scheduled to take not more than fifteen minutes; in order to do this the program must be well planned and presented with dispatch.

Mothers' and Daughters' Evening

IT is suggested that this event be held early in the season so as to acquaint mothers with the Bee-Hive Program and get their cooperation. Their program

is left for their planning. It should be a delightful occasion.

The Young New Members of the Y. W. M. I. A.

NOW that so many of the younger girls are coming into the M. I. A., parents and Bee-Keepers must cooperate in seeing that they come to and from meetings in safety. Bee-Hive girls should not remain for the late activities of the M. I. A. These and many other problems may be handled tactfully where there is complete and harmonious cooperation between M. I. A. and home.

Conducting the Group

THERE must be a Bee-Keeper for Builders, one for Gatherers and one for Guardians in wards where there are enough girls to make up the three ranks. It has been found effective in many places to appoint one of the Bee-Keepers to take charge of the group, possibly the one who has had the most experience. This more closely unifies the work. Where class rooms are scarce and groups small we suggest that joint work be done in songs, games, etc., while guides and cell-filling be conducted in the separate groups. Thus a small group may be seated in each corner of a room, for some Swarms may have only three or four members. This method affords an opportunity for much individual supervision and direction.

The Spirit of the Hive

HAVE faith, Bee-Hive girls of Wasatch Stake,
Seek knowledge and keep yourselves ever awake.

Safeguard your health—keep strong and pure—

Make the whole world honor womanhood more.

Know work, be not ashamed of honest toil,

Keep the truth in your hearts and Satan you'll foil.

See the beauties around you in nature each day,

By service help others to see the bright way,

And great will your joy be as you go through life

If you keep as your watchword the Spirit of the Hive."

—Helen Dickson, Heber 2nd Ward, Wasatch Stake.

Sunday Evening Joint Program

(Continued from page 619)

chosen to fill that will do this—for instance cells in the Field of Religion that will build up her faith, cells from the Field of Health that will build and make her strong and particularly the one on the Word of Wisdom. This is an opportunity for her to fill the Foundation Cell for Builders of the Hive on the Word of Wisdom, and is particularly appropriate for a Sunday evening talk.

The Bee-Keeper's talk should give the audience an understanding of Bee-Hive work, the symbolism and plan and how it carries over from the 'Life of the Bee' to the life of the girl. This talk can be made very spiritual by showing how symbolism and the Spirit of the Hive permeates and guides everything that is undertaken in the Bee-Hive program. She may begin her talk by repeating the Bee-Keepers' Service and comment on it, or it may be that she will wish to close with it. Reference material that will assist in preparing this talk: "Story of the Life of the Bee"—Clarissa A. Beesley; 'Bee-Hive Symbolism'—Ellen Wallace; Bee-Keepers' Book; 'The Bee-Hive Plan'—Bee-Hive Girls' Hand Book.

The talk by a Gatherer of Honey on "What Bee-Hive Work Has Done For Me" should be prepared by the girl herself on phases of Bee-Hive work she feels that have helped her most, keeping in mind the religious phase more particularly. It may be that she would want to take as her subject "The Cycle of Life."

The Bee-Hive Promise should be well prepared and given by all of the girls together, led by a Gatherer of Honey, or by the Bee-Keeper. In giving the salute with it, the hand should be raised to the proper position with the first word that is spoken and snapped down to the side immediately after repeating the last word of the Promise.

The "Inspirational Talk" should be appropriate to the occasion and given as an inspiration and encouragement to the girls and by way of endorsement of the Bee-Hive program. In asking the speaker to give a talk on this evening he should be made acquainted with the fact that the program preceding his talk will be presented by Bee-Hive girls.

Boise Stake Reports Success

(Continued from page 620)

and Stake Convention. Everyone is ready to begin a new M. I. A. season. A new branch has been organized recently, which increases our anticipation of the best season ever in M. I. A.

Salt Lake Stake

CENTER WARD

WITH the thought, "no friend like an old friend," a project has been worked out very successfully in the Center Ward of Salt Lake Stake.

This Ward, through popular subscription, has purchased a Model "30" Mimeograph and publishes a weekly paper known as *The Center Ward Chronicle* which is distributed each Sunday to each and every home in the Ward area. Weekly features are a message from the Bishopric and a calendar

of events and meetings for the ensuing week. Each of the several Church departments report items from time to time, and the Editor, with the aid of a staff of reporters, handles social events and topics of a community nature.

With the approach of the Christmas season of 1933 a project to greet all former residents of the ward was planned. Special effort was made to forget no one who had been a resident within the past 20 years, regardless of color or creed. "Old Timers" were contacted for names of former neighbors. With the list completed their present whereabouts was established through friend or kin.

The Christmas edition of *The Center Ward Chronicle* was then ready for publication, twenty-eight pages in all, including one page for each of the various ward departments, one page of editorial, six pages of names and addresses of former residents, two pages containing names of those who had passed on, three pages of events of the past to recall old times, one page of Ward History and one page of the Seasons' Greeting from the Bishopric.

The booklet was then mailed to each of the former members listed as well as to the residents of the ward area.

To say that the project was a success is putting it mildly. The average cost per booklet was a fraction less than four cents, including mailing at one and one-half cents, excluding the cost of envelopes which were donated. With the revenue from the advertising paying the major portion of expenses the total cost to the ward was two dollars and sixty-nine cents. Following are excerpts from written acknowledgments:

"We will always cherish it among our most valuable Christmas gifts."

"I often think of my many friends in Center Ward, and you have helped me that I might write to them."

"The faces of all mentioned pass before me, and bring a tear."

"I have never, never had anything please me so much as to be remembered after all these years."

And so, Center Ward is justly proud that so many beautiful things have been said and written by their real friends—old friends.

Trial and Error

(Continued from page 594)

3. Unless you have considerable leisure time which you do not need to capitalize, you will want to earn something by writing, at least enough to cover postage and paper. Therefore, write with a definite purpose in mind. Cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the magazines which you have selected as recipients of your literary offerings. It is useless to send household hints to *Flying Aces* or love stories to *Scientific American*.

4. Be persistent. If you have confidence in your manuscripts, keep them traveling until they land somewhere. My "returns" seldom stay home more than a day. When a manuscript has been out thirteen times I either tear it up or put it in cold storage. Sometimes after several trips it is wise to rework the material and send it traveling again provided there are other possible markets. The postage bill is appalling. Stamped envelopes must always accompany the manuscript so that you will get to see your work again in case it doesn't sell, and it usually doesn't.

5. Don't aim too high. It's a grand feeling to have your typewriter hitched to a star (and that's where it should be), but you must be practical sometimes. Try jokes, recipes, cartoons. Not long ago

Good Housekeeping Magazine had a "Great Women" contest. An entrant was required to write a short article nominating his particular choice for the feminine hall of fame. I selected the poet Edna St. Vincent Millay and said why. A few months later there arrived a check for ten dollars. It helped out. And the last two years I have sent stories to the *Deseret News* Christmas contests. The stories were turned down by the *News* but later I sold both of them to Catholic magazines (one for \$17.00 and the other for \$9.50. It's surprising how a very few dollars can raise the literary morale.

6. Cultivate a writer friend who knows his trade and will tell you exactly what he thinks of your work. Such a friend has helped me out on many occasions. Once the *Westerner* had accepted a story of mine, and (like a beginner), I thought that success had at last crowned my efforts. But this friend said: "Your story is positively worthless. All you know how to do is describe and nobody likes much of that any more. The *Westerner* may have accepted your story but they won't print it." They didn't. And I learned a little from that.

7. Write regularly. Get a few lines on paper every day. Don't pamper yourself by waiting for moods. My schedule calls for four hours writing per day. But it calls

in vain. Being a housekeeper, wife and mother (and doing some church work besides) won't allow much time at the typewriter. Nevertheless, the urge to write is a persistent itch. It gets worse all the time. Finally you succumb. You get "uppity" and refuse to mend socks. You buy baker's bread and let the beans burn. In the most acute stages of the fever you secretly long to go away to Borneo or some other distant place, just you and the typewriter, undisturbed.

8. Don't describe a foreign land unless you have been there. Portray the country and people you know. Out at the University of Wyoming when I had laid a wordy Master's thesis on the English professor's desk, he patted the pages and said, "Well, well. Queen Elizabeth has been dead a long time, but she's all right for a thesis. Now when you go home get busy and do something really vital. Utah is potentially the richest literary land in the world."

* * *

I could discourse at length on the mechanics of writing—such things as using only new typewriter ribbons, placing the number of words in the upper right hand corner of the first page, etc., etc., but I think that you who have had the patience to read as far as this paragraph will think my contribution is already plenty long enough.

Bright Baubles

(Continued from page 583)

to do. All your raving will never change me."

Welby looked straight at her. "You mean that, Janet?"

"Of course I do."

"Very well then, I won't say another word. I wish you luck, that's all." He got up quickly and strode out of the room.

That was the last Janet saw of Welby. She was in the hospital a week. In another week she had left for the east. After that the years raced by. They were full years, golden triumphant years, speeding along like bright birds in flight.

THERE were three years of study at the National Laboratory School. Dancing lessons, voice placement, speech, fencing, singing lessons, French and gymnastics. Janet studied as ardently as any scholar. She believed that talent alone would never make her the finished actress she deserved to be. At the end of three years she was slated for immediate success. She possessed a sureness of technique. Her voice, her gestures, her general movements were finished. She had emotional powers. And above all, she brought to her acting an inner fire which gave it a living, breathing, vital, quality.

She had succeeded—beyond all expectations. Her first part was in a new play by Serge Rafferty, "Day Goes On." It was just a small part—Marjana, the Polish woman spy—but she ran away with the play. For one of the few times in history, critics unanimously acclaimed her success.

They made her a star and her name looked down on the glittering Broadway crowds and she attended smart teas and became a director in the Playmakers Guild. Managers fought for her; she swelled box office receipts. Perfumes were named after her and society women tried to imitate those silvery tones of her voice.

She sometimes wished Welby could see her now. He'd know then that he had been all wrong about the world not appreciating her. He'd see that fame was more than a bright bauble. It was strong and powerful and it gave one strength and power. One rode on the crest of a bright glittering

wave and looked down on a million faces paying homage and adoration.

Janet heard about Welby from her mother. Six months after she had left he had married some teacher over in Hillside. There had been a doudy church wedding with the bride in dead white satin and cheap lace and bridesmaids in department store chiffons and Welby in a baggy dress suit. They went to live in a little cubby-hole of an apartment, buying furniture with his wedding stake, and what she had left over from her savings.

Later they bought a house. Stucco and dumpy. Welby advanced to the position of manager of the city office with a salary that was only so-so. They had one car, a baby grand piano, a refrigerator and a garden of roses and dahlias.

Janet felt infinitely sorry for Welby at times. He moved along in his narrow drab world like a slow murky stream. Going to work. Poring over figures. Home in the evening to his garden, his papers, a drive in the park with his children. Oh, yes, there were children. Twin boys and a girl. It was inevitable that a man of his type would burden himself with a family.

The doudy school teacher had turned into a doudy wife. She was fat, and her skin was yellow, and already her face had begun to wattle. Thinking of her, Janet invariably shuddered.

JANET seldom saw her mother and sisters. There was no need to. She had nothing in common with them. They were like Welby. They could never understand what it meant to be swept along on a glittering wave of homage. They could never know how it felt to step into bright lights and see, across the footlights, hundreds of eager expectant faces. They moved about in a dull petty world like nuns in a cloister. Her mother worried about fruit and pickles and the iniquitous life Janet must lead as an actress. Her sisters were immersed in husbands' shirts and babies' weights.

Only once did Janet return home. She was there two days. She couldn't stand it any longer. She missed the lights and the eager faces and the luncheons and smart people. But before she left, they made her talk in the high school auditorium. On the way she met Welby out for a drive with his wife

and the lumpy twins and the new baby.

Welby beamed. "This is my wife, Janet." Janet said how-do-you do in her cool smooth voice. Mrs. Kamp nodded out of her vacant face.

"These are my children, Janet." With enormous pride.

"Oh yes * *."

"You're giving a talk tonight, aren't you? I wish I could hear you but we can't take the babies out. And I can't leave Annie alone with them."

"Of course not." And Janet turned away to hide a smile.

After the talk, Janet was speeding back to her own world, her glittering beautiful world. She would never leave it again she told herself, she would stay with it forever.

And then the morning after the opening of "Silver for Silver," the new expressionistic play written expressly to give her a part that would do justice to her dramatic powers, she contracted a cold.

Ordinarily a cold doesn't mean much. But in Janet's case it was a tragedy. The play depended upon her entirely. And she couldn't act when her voice sounded as if she had swallowed iron filings that had lodged in her throat and grated there when she tried to talk.

She couldn't understand how she had contracted a cold. It must have been walking through the park in the rain yesterday, she decided. She seldom went out in any kind of weather. But yesterday when she looked out the window and saw the new spring grass wet and sparkling, she had a sudden wild desire to throw off her shoes and stockings and run in it barefooted. Of course she couldn't do anything so foolish looking as run barefooted in the rain.

But she had slipped into an old tweed coat and mulberry tam and gone for a walk in the park. The water splashed over her slippers and stained her stockings. It flew in her face and ran in little trickles down her chin. She might have known better. But the rain gave her such a cool delicious feeling.

That night she felt she played better than she had ever played before. And the next morning she woke up to find herself hoarse. Her physician was called. He ordered her to bed for the day and sprayed her throat and fed her lemons and quinine. By night she

felt better. She was deliciously happy. She had dreaded giving her place to her understudy.

She didn't feel well enough to do her best acting. So before the curtain went up she said to Haydn Paul, the director, "You'd better tell them I'm not up to par tonight, Hadyn."

Hadyn Paul looked at her for a moment with his steel point eyes and then roared. "Tell them you're sick. Say, Janet, haven't you been in this game long enough to learn you can't tell people when there's something wrong with you? They come to see a show, not a hospital."

"But anyone can get sick."

"Not in a show, my lady. You're either on the stage all whole or you get off. You're everybody's plaything in a show. And you know what happens when a plaything breaks. Now if you're too sick to get out there and act, we'll get Farbeau."

Janet went pale. "No, I'll be all right."

"Well then, get on and do your stuff."

Janet was certain she could hide her cold. But she wasn't able to. Her voice cracked, she shook with chills, she grew light headed. Her performance turned out to be anything but creditable.

After the show, Hydn Paul came to her, raving. "You've ruined the show, Janet. Didn't I tell you this wasn't a hospital?"

"I know, but I couldn't help it. Anyway I haven't ruined the show. No one will mind, just this once."

"They won't. Say, but you're ignorant."

Janet turned away. She would hear no more from him. He knew nothing. He had never seen those faces across the footlights. Night after night. They would forgive her. She had given them her best for so long.

Janet expected to be better in the morning. Instead she was worse. She could not speak above a whisper. She had a fever. She ached. When the doctor came he shook his head. Stay in bed, absolutely * * go down into lungs * * several days, maybe weeks * * run down to begin with.

Janet hated to stay in bed. She would be so dreadfully lonely. No rehearsals, no homage from the rows of lifted faces, no sense of supremacy. And then there was that talk of the dramatic critics:

"Is 'Silver for Silver,' Swan Song?" "Janet Parcell flopped last night * * voice cracked * * moved like a wooden woman." "Is she sick?" "Is she growing old?" "Plenty of hospitals and infirmaries." "Shouldn't take up room on the stage. * * Give it to someone who's able to act."

One shouldn't take any notice of what the critics said. They were cantankerous old fools, jealous of people who really did things—actors and writers and directors—and their sole delight lay in tearing them to pieces. So one shouldn't notice what they said. But they were annoying.

THAT night, Janet's understudy, Daltia Farbeau, a slim young creature correct in her acting but lacking dramatic fire, Janet knew, stepped into Janet's role, the role of Star Caleth, and she went to the hospital—to dim lights and silence and blank walls. And the next morning when they let her have a paper, she saw only a note about her leaving the show because of illness.

But there was a full-length column about the "Charming young understudy who will take the honors from Janet Parcell. She brings to her acting a youthfulness and sprightliness that is a delightful change from Miss Parcell's dramatic heaviness."

Janet tossed the paper aside and sniffed. Just a publicity stunt. It wasn't any of it true. Star Caleth couldn't be played as a youthful sprightly role. Such interpretations would ruin the whole play. And anyway no one wanted a change from Janet. If they'd ask her audience. * * But in another week when she was up and better and back again she would show them.

In another week she was not up and back again. She was no better. Infection had set in. There were many physicians looking at her, old ones with gray hair and kindly eyes, young ones brisk and curt and fresh from Vienna and Berlin. There were consultations. There were X-Rays.

One afternoon they held a long consultation. Then they spoke to Janet. "We will have to perform an operation."

"An operation—"

"Yes, there's a throat abscess. But don't look so worried, please. It won't be serious."

"But an operation—I may die." "You won't. It's only when there's no one who cares about you that you die. When there's someone pulling for you, you'll live. And you'll have the whole world pulling for you. That's what comes of being famous."

The doctors smiled and Janet, remembering her thousands and thousands of faces smiled too.

It was evening when they rolled her into the operating room. Time for the curtain to go up. They put something over her face. The walls faded away. And suddenly Janet saw her audience, her eager adoring audience. But it wasn't thinking of her. Down in front, the old man with the silk hat was wondering when he could meet Miss Farbeau. A lady in raspberry satin was wondering if this were quite the smartest show in town. Two young girls were wishing they could act like Daltia Farbeau. Jonnie Wainwright, who had vowed to Janet that no woman in the world could ever quite compare with her was wondering what flowers would best suit the incomparable Daltia.

Janet called to all of them. "Don't forget I am ill. You must pull for me and keep me here."

But no one would listen to her. She called again. They shook her voice away as though it were a fly and went on with their thoughts. She called still again. Some of them answered, "Do not bother us. You are nothing to us." The others would not even bother to answer her.

Janet grew panic stricken. She turned behind the scenes. But she had to stay there only a second to know that the cast cared nothing about her. They were glad she was sick. They were hoping she would never get well. She had been in the big spot long enough.

Wearily Janet turned back to the hospital. She didn't want to die, but what could she do? Then she thought of the doctors and nurses. They must care about her. It was part of their work.

But no. The nurse was angry because she had to be on duty tonight. She had a new beau and he had promised to take her to a dance and supper. The doctor was thinking about his son. The son was getting married and he didn't like the girl. The young interne was wondering about the new car

he was going to buy. Should the color be gray or maroon.

Janet thought for a moment of her mother and sisters. But no use to seek them. They had never pulled for her in anything. And their thoughts were always so full of husbands and babies and pickles and jam.

Janet was about to sink into oblivion, an oblivion from which she knew she would never return, when she thought of Welby. Surely he would help her. He had loved her once. He wouldn't want her to die.

SHE searched in many places for him. She finally found him in a hospital. His wife was there with throat trouble—strangely, the same as Janet's. Janet saw her there with her yellow face like a withered flower on the pillow and her stringy hair in two twin braids. The twins were there beside her wishing fervently that she would soon get better. The baby goosed for her to get better. Welby was praying.

It seemed there were a million people hoping for this dumpy little woman who had never been known outside the circle of her family, who had dedicated herself to nothing beyond the four walls of her house.

And she was saying with her eyes shining, "I'll be all right. Of course I will with all of you caring so much about me."

And the doctor was nodding and

saying too, "She'll get along beautifully. Don't any of you worry. With such a fine family * *."

Janet called to Welby. Welby blinked vaguely a moment and then shook her away as the audience had done. "I can't think of you. I must think of Annie. Besides, you are nothing to me."

Janet turned away. Blackness began to close over her. She was sinking. She could not hold herself back. As from far away she could hear the doctors.

"Can't understand why she isn't reviving. Her case was serious but it held no fatal aspects."

"She didn't have much vitality."

"I know, but it isn't that. It's something else. There doesn't seem to be anything holding her back. You fellows can say what you want. But if there isn't something holding on to them, they'll go under every time."

"She ought to have plenty holding on to her. She's well known."

"Yes, she's well known. But fame and friends aren't the same you know."

"Well it's too bad."

"Yes, we'll get the blame."

"Blackness closed over Janet. Eternal oblivion. The end * *."

Janet opened her eyes. She was looking into a pair of gray eyes, pain filled, a gray drawn face. "You didn't really come right to me, did you?" she asked.

The eyes lighted. "Oh Janet

darling, of course. I came the minute they told me about it."

"But Annie. You were with her."

Welby looked up puzzled. The doctor nodded assuringly. "She's just wandering. They often do that when they're just gaining consciousness."

Welby Kemp bent closer to the bandaged figure on the bed. "I wasn't with anyone, Janet. I've just been with you."

Janet gasped. She said, "You mean I'm just coming to from the accident? Oh, I'm so glad."

"And so am I darling. You're not seriously injured. But oh you gave me a fright. Whatever made you forget to take the curve in that beastly road."

Janet said slowly, "I guess I was thinking, Welby, I was thinking I don't ever want to leave you, not for anything. And I don't want you to leave me either."

"Oh Janet, you mean—"

"Yes, Welby."

"Darling! It's almost worth the accident, knowing you'll marry me. But just because you'll marry me doesn't mean you have to give up your dramatic career."

"Welby, don't mention dramatic career to me ever. I hate the sound of it."

"That suits me. But are you sure you'll have no regrets? You know you could be famous."

"I'm quite sure, Welby, quite sure."

What Makes An Athlete?

(Continued from page 590)

was cutting and swiveling and side-stepping with tacklers strewn over the field and chalk-lines passing under his flying feet. There was I with my head now doing a vigorous affirmative nod and my body swaying to help him on his way. He was across the line for the touchdown which won the ball game. But his dramatic contributions for the day had not ended. Near the close of the last period the opponents reached the one yard line and the Bobcats held heroically for four downs. Young "Curly" Gardner dropped back and booted the pigskin for an air-line flight of 75 yards, the ball flying

over the head of the safety man and allowing all of us bench warmers the first full breath for several minutes. Performances like that, if repeated by the same man even in lesser degree, stamp him as an athlete.

EXAMPLES in profusion might be drawn from the athletic participation of Elwood Romney, Brigham Young University's All-America basketball captain, to illustrate what this ingredient means in the make-up of an athlete. Let us, however, simply join the spectators at a crucial basketball game with Montana State College in Provo. The Cougars had won the first game of the series on the previous night and needed another victory to establish themselves in the Conference race. Things were going badly for B. Y. U. and most happily for the opposition. Only

a few precious minutes remained and the Cougars were some eight points behind. It was then that young Romney (his relationship to me is so distant that I dare hazard any charge of immodesty in this recital) apparently decided to take things in his own hands and see that victory crowded out defeat. Despite the fact that he had been going at a terrific pace for thirty-five minutes, he took on a new burst of speed and seemed to cover the entire court at once. Without any maneuvers which in any way smacked of grandstand play, but rather as a man in a trance, he practically single-handed tied the score just before the final gun, and in the five minute overtime period scored an additional seven points for a clean-cut victory. It was no wonder that in the spring we were able to point him for a single mile race in a ticklishly close

meet which he managed to run in exactly the time which we had set as his goal and which proved sufficient to win the event and the meet.

But this young man reached his athletic climax and cast his shadow to tremendous proportions on the vista of intermountain athletics in his last year of college participation. In the previous year he had performed so magnificently throughout the entire season and against colorful teams from many sections of the country that he was selected on the official All-American basketball team, as named by a specially chosen board headed by the famous Dr. Meanwell, of Wisconsin.

He commenced his senior year with even added brilliance but at the peak of performance in the last game before the opening of the official conference season he sustained a serious knee injury which threatened to incapacitate him for the entire season. He accepted the situation as manfully as a great athlete should, attended practices regularly as a spectator, and fought through every game for and with his teammates, although confined to the bench. He gave religious care to the injured member, followed instructions perfectly, and finally was able to hobble around a week or two before the close of the season.

In a playoff game for the divisional championship he was inserted at a crucial juncture for strategic reasons and with specific plans. Known as a phenomenal basket shot and with the condition of his leg suggesting that he would be of little use on the floor, he naturally drew the zealous attention of the opposing defensive who relaxed vigilance on his teammates, one in particular, and allowed him, with his great skill in ball-handling and floor-covering, to feint shot after shot and pass to his mates in advantageous positions for goals which won a decisive victory. All this was accomplished before a crowd, a large part of which indulged itself in cat-calls and wise-cracks regarding the All-American who was hobbling about and failing to score baskets. A lesser athlete in the true sense of the term would have folded up or would have become exceedingly self-conscious and would have been tempted to digress from his plan of usefulness. He sacrificed himself and, on one good leg, turned in one of his most useful, if not his

most spectacular, athletic performances.

THEN came the playoff series for the Conference championship. His leg had improved some in the interim between the playoff game and this series and his indomitable spirit enabled him to lead his team to unexpected heights in achieving a phenomenal victory in the decisive story-book game of a dramatic series which had to be witnessed to be believed. He wasn't selected All-American that year; he wasn't even selected All-Conference. But in the hearts of his teammates and admirers all his previous honors faded into insignificance before this climactic achievement of real athletic prowess and genuine sportsmanship.

Paul "Simba" Thorn was another athlete with the "plus" which entitles him to this appellation. To me the most striking performance of the colorful career of this All-Conference football back was in a humble role in a dual track meet which we wanted very much to win and which we felt we might possibly achieve by a single point or two. Thorn was a decidedly

versatile performer, as his nickname "Simba" might indicate, but his forte in track and field sports lay in the weight events. He was a fair broad jumper. We had two broad jumpers on the squad who on non-meet days were six inches to a foot better leapers than Thorn. When the broad jump was called toward the end of the meet it was obvious that the Cougars must get the third place point to have a chance to win the meet. The first two places were necessarily conceded if the opponents jumped up to form, and the third place was almost certainly theirs. We knew that our two best jumpers instead of thriving on the desperation of the situation would probably crack under the strain and achieve less than was their mid-week wont, which deduction proved entirely correct. We felt that Thorn had enough real athletic temperament to exceed his best marks if the challenge warranted the performance. We pictured the situation and pleaded with him to do the rescue act. A short time later we inquired fearfully as to his progress. He, along with the three opposing jumpers, had qualified, but he was in fourth

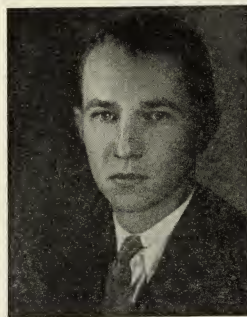
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place. "But I still have one jump left and I am only one and a half inches behind the third place man," he said with a meaningful grin. After he had taken his other jump he was one inch ahead for the third place and had leaped ten inches farther than his best effort previous to the meet.

ELSEWHERE it had been my privilege to set down the details of the heroic backstage performance of another true athlete by the name of Tony Bentley, who took it on himself to defy the laws of nature to win for Brigham Young University her first Rocky Mountain Conference Track Championship. In a meet in which every point was destined to count exceptionally heavily and in which the Cougars had a slim chance for victory, if all the men came up to their best performances. Bentley, an outstanding distance runner, turned up ill, having suffered from a hacking cough and the ensuing loss of sleep for two nights. He gamely ran his mile event, but instead of finishing second for four points, as we had figured, he crossed the line fourth for but two points. As the meet progressed we lost another point here and another there, points on which we had figured. After his race Bentley had appeared violently ill and had vomited and been ordered to the trainer's care and the showers. Instead he put himself in the hands of the trainer and asked permission to remain in his track suit. With but two or three events remaining our score sheet showed that we had picked up three or four unexpected points in the discus and were definitely in the race—provided we could squeeze out two points in the two-mile and thereby crowd out the third runner in that event for the team which was now leading the pack in the drive for the championship. Our only hope lay in a miraculous recovery and performance on the part of Bentley who was supposedly out of his track togs and deep under blankets.

We discovered him on the rubbing table and with a forlorn hope asked him how he felt. "It doesn't matter how I feel," was his reply. "What can I do?"

"Every point is worth a million at this stage of the meet. Fourth place in the two-mile will probably cinch the championship. It is a crime to even suggest that you run, but—"

"If we need it that badly, I can do it," he interrupted.

Soon he was out on the track warming up slowly with his legs obviously a bit wobbly. He managed to wreath his pale face with a smile and nod reassuringly just before the men were called to their marks. He ran a most courageous race, so inspiring that his two teammates, one of them running his first two-mile race, clung to him as the tail to a kite. And he did run into fourth place for his two points and carried his teammate to fifth place for another point. The meet was won!

OTHER colorful names and equally dramatic deeds of athletic heroism suggestive of that quality which stamps the participant as an athlete and not simply a performer skilled in muscular activity flash in view. There goes tiny "Mouse" Vacher, midget in size and giant in spirit and talent, dodging, squirming, darting, and even stiff-arming his way through comparative giants of the opposition for a seventy-year return of a punt to win a coveted football game for the Cougars, after he had fumbled six punts in a row previously and had listened to an impatient crowd in his own stadium "boo" him and deride him persistently enough to tear the heart out of the average participant. Tiny, pink-skinned, sweetly modest, clean as a hound's tooth in habit and of tongue, mild mannered, and almost dainty, this little package of dynamite showed little superficial evidence of the remarkable athletic ability and vigor of spirit which were his. The decisive quality was something deep inside.

It was no accident that Floyd Millet always made his best punt when it was most needed, broad jumped farthest in the crucial meets, and played his best basketball against the toughest opposition. It was no wonder that in his last basketball series for the Rocky Mountain Championship he should turn in his most spectacular and serviceable performance, and that he should lose nine pounds in each game in his effort to put his team over. His also was the quality without which the athlete simply is not.

Such is the real athlete. He possesses this extra quality. It is the ability to laugh in the teeth of a crisis and, instead of folding up or

breaking under the strain, to lead his teammates out of the slimy mud and ooze of mediocrity to the sun-kist heights. It is the ability to explode gloriously with power rather than to blow up in fragments of despair. You may name it what you will. I shall still choose to call it the Inflammability of the Spirit—the quality which enables that-which-makes-a-man to catch afire.

But You Were Born To Inspire

(Continued from page 595)

would-be-writer has not energy, courage and a sense of humor he will likely fall by the wayside. Even then he may be stalled in a delightful spot and enjoy other peoples' writing with new vision and zest he would not have gained but for his ambition.

THE very process of creating ideas is a vitalizing and spiritualizing one. It is always worth the effort whether there is any moneyed compensation in it or not. It is anything but "pathetic to keep on trying." It is a glorious adventure! Out of the unique experience of each life can be created something intimate and vital. Life blood, a struggle for nobility can be preserved. The record of that struggle may give untold strength to others. It is one way of sharing the meaning of life. It is the most intelligible way of passing on the richness of experience. "To supply a thought is mental massage, to evolve a thought is an achievement," said Elbert Hubbard, and surely no greater monument has any man raised to himself than this master thinker's gift to the world, his books. Another bit of inspiration! Yes, let our magazines and books be filled with encouragement. We need more than anything else to be able to express ourselves. Emerson says—"Man is only half himself, the other half is his expression." Our oral expression has little in it worth remembering because here we seldom try sincerely to evolve a permanent thought, but when we write we challenge ourselves. We demand much of ourselves when we hope our thoughts may be put into print. We are then in a position

to give inspiration. And with a hungry world waiting for a lifting word we should not hesitate. We may not have been "born to write" but we were born to inspire!

THE way of fortune is like the milky way in the sky, which is a meeting or knot of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light together; so are there a number of little and scarce destined virtues, or rather faculties and customs, that make men fortunate." —Bacon.

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A Bouquet for Jane

(Continued from page 593)

her face therein. With horror she leaned forward and put her fingers on the tightened lips with the lines at the corners. Then she caught sight of the hostess who was staring at her unashamedly. Jane straightened and tried to act as if she had never even thought of touching that mirror with its replica of her own face stamped on it.

The hostess turned away. With troubled eyes Jane followed that figure. It was in her mind to talk to this kind-faced girl very little older than she was. Then resolutely she turned away and paid her check.

"Getting simple-minded, are you, Jane?" she asked herself sternly. "Getting like those women who write to newspaper columnists asking for advice! I'm ashamed of you, Janie Terrill! If you used the ticket you would always feel a thief, a coward. No matter what happened to you, you'd know in your own heart that you were a thief and nothing would or could ever make you forget that fact!"

Ten minutes later she was in a telephone booth dialing the number of an evening newspaper.

"Get this ad in the lost-and-found column for tonight, will you?" she asked the ad-taker. "I'll be right over to pay for it but the tickets I found are dated tonight and if the advertisement is late it'll be of no use."

"Tickets?" repeated the girl. "Just a moment. I have a lost ad right here for tickets. It may be the same ones. Here, 'Chicago to New York via—' what? Two of them in an unsealed envelope? Yes, ma'am. That's the same one. The name is Frances Dee Parkinson, eight hundred Lawrence Avenue. No telephone here * * * You have the address right?"

IN the elevated train a few moments later, Jane Terrill examined her face in the window beside her. It made an excellent mirror. She saw there a weary face, discouraged and sad but there was not the horrible sharp look that she had seen at the cafeteria. That wall mirror had reflected a sly, sneaking countenance with the

fingers of a hand clutching unpleasantly over the envelope that belonged to someone else. Jane shuddered at the memory. Left alone, without that guiding mirror, she knew that she might have stepped on the train and used the ticket. She had been and was still, for that matter, desperate. That mirror had sickened her to the soul. The mirror had pictured, not her face, to Jane Terrill but her heart and soul.

"Mrs. Frances or Mr. Francis?" asked the maid who opened the door in answer to Jane's ringing of the bell.

Jane stared. "I don't understand, I'm afraid. There are two of them? I came in answer to the advertisement—"

The maid took a step forward. "Yes, Miss. Come in at once, please. Ah, how glad we shall all be that you have come! I—"

"Hattie!" said the young man from the lobby beyond. "I'll take care of this. That will be all. Will you come in?" he added quietly to Jane.

Jane stepped inside the hall. Even in the dim light she could see that this was an extraordinarily fine-looking young man. He stretched out a square, well-kept hand for the envelope she offered. Suddenly he smiled and ran his other hand through his black hair.

"I say, Miss—? Thank you, Miss Terrill, this is splendid! My aunt will wish to thank you in person. We have been at sixes and sevens, I assure you, since these were lost a short while ago. By the way, I am Francis Parkinson—oh, there you are, Aunt Frances! This is Miss Terrill who found your tickets."

Jane Terrill stared at the old lady with white hair who eagerly grasped the envelope. If ever there was the replica of a story-book lady, this was she, thought Jane. Mauve silk gown with white net ruffles at the cuffs and low-cut neck, white hair waved in and up-to-the-moment style and yet preserving a look of dignity and charm, small slippers with great buckles of silver adorning them, slender hands that seemed to flutter as they moved—Jane took a deep breath.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded the young man.

"She's so—so beautiful!" stammered Jane. "I beg your pardon," she added to the old lady.

There was no response. The

white head was bent over the tickets.

"Oh, she can't hear you," said the young man smilingly. "She is almost stone deaf. But she can read your lips. If she thinks talking is going on she 'hears' that way."

"Yes," said the old lady now in mellow voice. "Here we are, Francis, my child. Now you will have to come with me or return one reservation. Ah, I was so afraid I'd have to fly! I hate flying!" she said decisively to Jane. "Do you like to fly?"

Jane dimpled unexpectedly. "I've never flown," she admitted.

"H'mph!" said the old lady. "Well, you don't have an easy moment while you're up, if you ask me. Maybe I'm too old to fly. But for all that," she added defensively, "I like to drive a car sixty-five an hour so I guess I'm not really timid. Now, tell me. How did you happen to find them and where did I lose them?"

"In the revolving door of—" began Jane.

"Hah!" said the old lady unexpectedly. "So! You see, Francis? That was the place I told you about—where I went to seek a secretary! But I never got upstairs at all! I was so upset when I discovered, in the elevator, that I had lost my envelope—why, what are you gasping about, young lady?"

"You need a secretary?" asked Jane, the color coming and going in her face. "I—you see, I am a secretary. I was in the building at the agency looking for a position. They had only one for me and that was in Ohio."

"And you didn't want that?" asked the old lady shrewdly.

Jane colored. "It wasn't convenient for me to go to Ohio," she said in low tones.

"Francis," said the old lady, "bring my glasses, will you, please?" She waited a moment until her nephew was gone. "Now, then," she said practically, "we can talk with some peace. Women talk better alone with each other than when men listen. You had no money to get to Ohio?"

Jane dropped her eyes and said in low tones: "That is right."

"Why didn't you use one of these tickets, then?" demanded the old lady. "You thought of it, of course?"

"Yes, I thought of it," confessed

Jane. "In fact, I was going to do it."

"And why didn't you?" asked the old lady crisply.

"I saw my face in a mirror. A horrible, skulking face. I didn't want it—on me," said Jane attempting to smile.

"H'mph! How'd you like to be my secretary, young lady? Your references, you say? I don't care anything about references. My experience has been that they're not worth a whoop. I'm not easy to get on with sometimes. I don't hear. I have a sharp tongue. I write and re-write travel articles until you'll hate the sight of 'em. I travel and lecture before folks who never get to travel. You must go with me on those trips and take care of—of the tickets," she added with a little one-sided smile. "I lose almost everything I touch."

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And I like to keep my finger on things to prove I'm not getting old. Oh, it's no easy job. But I'll pay thirty a week and board and room if you can do the work to suit me. That's more than anyone else will pay probably but I think the job is harder, too. We leave tonight for New York City on these tickets if you accept. Sit down there while you think it over."

"But you don't know even my name," said Jane, bewildered.

"Well, what is it?"

"Jane Terrill."

"I shall probably call you Janey. It's a nice old-fashioned name. I hate these new-fangled things like Marlene or Gloria or Joanne. Janey? Yes, that's all right."

THE nephew returned with the glasses. "I've been thinking, Auntie, maybe I'd better go along with you tonight * * this young lady is to be your secretary? Splendid! You can go tonight?" he asked Jane. "Yes? Then suppose I drive you wherever you wish to pick up your bags for the trip? Have you shown Miss Terrill her room, Auntie? You do that while I get the car backed out of the garage. I'll be at the side door in five minutes, Miss Terrill."

"It's a great relief to me, your accepting this position, Miss Terrill," he said a few moments later as the car sprang down the outer drive towards the Loop. "You see, we're a large family and all of us are busy as hunters. I'm in chemistry myself and right now I'm in the midst of an experiment

that may mean a lot to me. I should have had to go with Auntie for her New York lecture, though, and then all I've done so far would have been lost. When you get back we must try to see a lot of each other. You swim? Good! We all go across the street to the beach every morning at six. I'll stop here to order flowers for Auntie—you wish to phone? Yes, there's a booth right there."

Utterly bewildered and very happy, Jane called the employment agency. "Miss Adams? This is Jane Terrill," she said.

"Oh, Miss Terrill! I've been trying to get in touch with you ever since you were in here this morning," came the crisp voice of Miss Adams. "Just after you left here the Ohio man telephoned to me Long Distance that no one need apply. He filled the position last night * * what's that? Miss Terrill? Are you—laughing? I understood," she continued aggrievedly, "that you really needed a position. Yes. Goodbye."

And in Jane Terrill's eyes as she took from Francis Parkinson's hands a moment later the great bunch of purple violets there was a serious expression that the young man found very enchanting.

"The roses are for Auntie," he explained. "The violets just looked like you and so I had to bring them out for you. You don't—mind?"

Jane felt that she would never "mind" such gifts and as her eyes met those of Francis Parkinson she felt that these flowers were but the first of many * * as they were!

Elbert Hubbard As I Knew Him

(Continued from page 625)

Hubbard entered the Roycroft Inn door, he was strongly silhouetted against the sunlight outside. A lady who had waited patiently for Mr. Hubbard's coming, walked towards him with an open book in her outstretched hands. "Mr. Hubbard, I have purchased one of your books, will you please autograph it for me?" As Mr. Hubbard took the book, he worked his way to the office counter, and picking up a quill began to write. The lady was right beside him, peeping over his shoulder with a satisfied look

upon her face. "I know you just had to be asked to write in your books, Mr. Hubbard." "My dear lady," said Mr. Hubbard, "there is only one thing that makes me feel worse, not to be asked!"

At Roycroft the workers made a ball with which to play catch. It was a little larger than an ordinary baseball, made of soft brown leather, and was a profit maker. Everybody who came to stay at the Inn was introduced to this ball—many of them by Mr. Hubbard himself, sometimes for just a few throws to and fro—just long enough for the newcomer to get the soft feel, and once a person caught that ball he was always sold to one for himself. Mr. Hubbard always carried one of these Roy-

croft balls and played catch with friends wherever he went. At the Roycroft shops Mr. Hubbard believed that to keep his workers up to a high point of efficiency, it was a good plan to take them out in the morning about 10 o'clock, and again about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and engage in this pastime of throwing these balls from one to another. To play on the grass surrounded by beautiful trees and buildings some people thought a loss of time, but Hubbard figured that those few minutes spent in play added efficiency to the next few hours of work and would produce great results. And he was right.

REGARDING the small ball I wish to relate a certain side of Mr. Hubbard's character—admiration for achievement. He used every minute to advantage and could not tolerate laziness and idle gossip. One afternoon Mr. Hubbard and I were playing catch and he had let a fast one get by him, and a large boy coming down the road got the ball and threw it to me. It came, swift and very high, and although I jumped high into the air I only touched the ball with the tips of my fingers, and it went skyward into the crotch of a tree, quite high up.

Mr. Hubbard made no suggestion, but just stood waiting patiently for a move on my part. I took off my coat and Mr. Hubbard looked surprised, because it was a difficult climb for a soft handed artist who did little to keep fit for a test of strength. As a kid I could climb almost any tree, but I was no more a kid and life in New York for several years had made a difference. I shinned up that tree rather fast at first, but as I climbed it became more difficult because I encountered some limbs that I must get around. As I looked towards the ground I could see Mr. Hubbard and the boy standing there watching every movement of mine, pulling for me to make the grade. Well I climbed and got the ball and threw it to Mr. Hubbard and then slid down the tree. Mr. Hubbard was thrilled and seemed to think this my greatest achievement.

Elbert Hubbard said: "Get your happiness out of your work or you will never know what real happiness is." Also, "Blessed is the man who has found his work."

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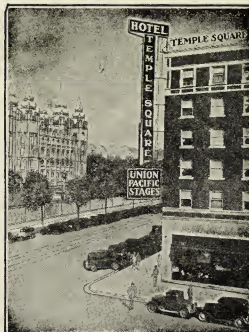
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Man's Quest for Joy

"Man is that he might have joy."
 "'The City of Happiness is in the State
 of Mind.'"

MAN seems to be the only one of all the innumerable creatures of God who makes joy his quest. Outside of man, there is no joy in the world. Life to all the rest of creation is simply a serious fight for existence.

What is this thing called joy? Should man really make joy his quest?

"* * * pleasures are like poppies spread;
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."
 —Burns.

We can readily think of joy as being more than pleasure, although too often we confuse the terms and use them synonymously. As to degree, we might consider these terms in the order of ascendancy as: pleasure, happiness, joy.

Pleasure comes through anticipation, or the gratification of the senses. We recall the old Epicurean doctrine which made "pleasure the supreme good and chief end of life." This is not joy.

Joy is an element of the soul which is felt when one is doing, or has done some worth-while thing in life. Joy connotes a sense of well-being; a prospect of possessing that which one loves.

Pleasure is the smelling of the rose severed from the tree. It is sweet and fragrant; but it withers while it is yet within the hand. Joy is the smelling of the rose on the tree; it gladdens the heart with its fragrance and beauty and blooms on, for it is connected with its source of life and beauty.

"Every man goes down to his death bearing in his hands only that which he has given away."—Persian Proverb.

THE great art curtain, which once hung before the stage in the Royal Opera House in Berlin, Germany, showed the picture of a naked young man riding a horse without saddle or bridle, and with whip in hand he had lashed the animal to fastest speed. He was tramping under foot gardens and fields of flowers. Even men and women and little children were being torn by the hoofs of the fleeing horse in this mad race. A few leaps ahead was a gaping precipice. This scene was inscribed: "Die Yagt Nach Dem Gluck" (The Chase after Fortune).

Life is not a chase after happi-

By HEBER Q. HALE

President of the Boise Stake,
 L. D. S. Church, Boise, Idaho



ness. You cannot find happiness that way. You must live and work with higher motive, with service in mind for others, with less selfishness, then you will be happy and joy will come and dwell with you. It will spring up all around you—even where you least expect it. Joy is as elusive as the mythical fairy. Make her the sole object of your search, and you cannot find her. But "seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added—a holy peace, a joy which "passeth understanding" will come to you.

"* * * all who joy would win,
 Must share it; happiness was born a twin."
 —Byron.

Do not all your noblest desires somehow connect you with others? Joy must be communicated, or made mutual to be fully experienced. Joy is much more difficult to conceal than sorrow. Joy seeks companionship; sorrow wants solitude.

"Men are that they might have joy," even a "fulness of joy"; but the nature of joy is such and the nature of man is such that this most desired state of being cannot be obtained by man alone, and the reason is simply that God hath ordained it otherwise. Remember, "happiness was born a twin." Man cannot come into full realization or possession of himself and his possibilities and the fruition of his powers until he possesses himself of his counterpart—woman—and they two become as "one flesh," now and forever. This is an essential part of the great plan.

The policy man "serves God in such a manner as not to offend the devil."—Fuller.

There can be no positive good without the existence of its opposite evil. There can be no real joy without experiencing grief. A mother could not find in her baby such exquisite joy, if she had not first suffered for it. We shall never partake of the fruit of "the tree of life" until we first eat of the fruit of "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." We do not mean by this that we must do evil; but we do mean that we must acquire a knowledge of good and evil and conform our lives to the good as against the evil. One can scarcely place any value on negative goodness. All we can say of a man thus afflicted is that he is good; but we cannot say for what. He may be good for something, or he may be good for nothing; we do not know, for he has never been put to the test, or accomplished anything.

But the man who fights life's battles and wins; who undertakes to subdue some part of the earth and succeeds in doing it; who struggles with a human weakness and overcomes it; or who meets temptation and resists it, has developed a positive kind of goodness which has a real value, and he then, and not till then, knows what joy

"Oh, God, you sell us everything
 For the price of an effort."—Da Vinci.

THERE is no station along the highway of life marked "JOY", which you can designate as your destination, or your getting-off place. You must either keep going or die. All life is change. The purpose of existence is growth. Life is dynamic, not static. It is ever moving forward, not standing still. Your worth is determined by what you do. "Life is a measure to be filled, not a cup to be drained." Joy comes to you through work and attainment. You experience joy in service to others and in the sweet companionships of life.

Joy is like a rainbow, whose arch is spread over all the day. Its beauty in the morning is reflected in the west, beckoning us on toward the close of day. And when the day is done and before the curtains of night are drawn, behold, its glorious colors are spread upon the eastern horizon—the promise of the dawning of another day.

Your Page and Ours

DEAR Editors:

"I cannot let Mrs. Grace Pratt's criticism of 'The Land of Manana' go unchallenged. In our eyes it was the outstanding article of the year. After reading Mrs. Pratt's letter I looked up the article and re-read it. Then for good measure I read it aloud again to Mr. Robinson. His answer to the criticism was a snort. We enjoyed the article more the third and fourth reading than we did the first. Do you suppose we got some of the inferences? It's true we were prejudiced toward it in the beginning.

"Personal? Why not? Would Mrs. Pratt want personalities and incident glossed over until they are like every other character in fiction and totally unlike any in life? Why not the truth? Surely there was nothing to be ashamed of. If it were not for the truth therein the article wouldn't be worth the paper it was written on. As written it is a gem.

"Mrs. Pratt calls the Colonists peculiar. Perhaps. I have my doubts. The ones I know are surprisingly like other people. Aside from the locale the story might have been duplicated in any village in Mormondom at that time. We had it all in my village even to the 'Aunties,' and I wasn't raised in Mexico. But in our village the boy as well as the girl asked forgiveness. The fact that the article is typical of Mormon village life makes it more enjoyable and more worthwhile.

"Phil and Dorothy Robinson."

DEAR Editors:

"I am enclosing a clipping from the *Idaho Farmer* of recent date that I think you might like to use in the *Era*," says Agnes Just Reid in a letter from Firth, Idaho.

"It comes the nearest to an explanation of that much moot question: 'When is a man drunk?' of anything I have ever seen and I wish it might be on the front page of every newspaper and magazine in the universe. So many people still maintain that a person cannot get drunk on beer.

"Who says it does not become everybody's business when a fellow will drink booze!"

WHEN IS ONE DRUNK?

THAT a person in whose blood there is one drop of alcohol to every 1000 drops of blood may be classified properly as 'under the influence of drink,' and that if such person has five drops of alcohol to 1000 drops of his blood he is actually near death from acute alcohol poisoning, are declarations of William McAdams Eccles, a noted British surgeon.

"Alcohol in all its stages of influence upon the nervous system is a narcotic and never a stimulant," says Dr. Eccles, thus exploding the theory that a drink of whiskey or other intoxicant stimulates the mind or body. Defining the meaning of narcotic, he says: 'A narcotic is any substance which, reaching the cells of the brain, causes them to function less rapidly than is normal for that person.'

"Dr. Eccles emphasizes the point that one does not have to be drunk to be under the influence of drink. His conclusion is that whenever a person drinks an alcoholic beverage in sufficient quantity to put even a minor fraction of one per cent in his blood stream he is to that degree irresponsible and to that degree endangering himself and others if he is present in traffic either as a footman or as a driver of an automobile."

—"*Idaho Farmer*."

DEAR Editors:

"It was my intention to make answer to the article in your January issue written by Glen Perrins, 'The Colonization of Ogden Hole.' Stress of business prevented me from getting at it. I am glad to find a true statement of the matter in your July issue written by Andrew Jensen and entitled, 'Ogden's Hole.'

"As a confirmation of Mr. Jensen's conclusion that Ogden's Hole was Ogden Valley in the days of the trapper may I quote to you from the journal of Osborne Russell published at Boise, Idaho, in 1921 by Syms-York Co. as follows:

"January 1, 1841.

"The ground was still bare but the weather cold and the fresh water streams shut up with ice. On the 3d we moved

camp up the stream to the foot of the mountain, where the stream forked. The right was called Weaver's Fork and the left Ogden's, both coming through the mountain in a deep narrow cut. The mountain was very high, steep and rugged. * * *

"On the 10th I started to hunt elk by myself, intending to stop out two or three nights. I traveled up Weaver's Fork in a southeasterly direction through the mountains. The route was very difficult and in many places had traveling over high points of rocks and around huge precipices, on a trail just wide enough for a single horse to walk. In about ten miles I came into a small plain five or six miles in circumference, just as the sun was setting. Here I stopped for the night. * * * An hour after dark it clouded up and began to snow, but as I was under some large trees it did not trouble me much and I soon fell asleep. At daylight it was still snowing very fast and about eight inches had fallen during the night. I saddled my horse and started in a northerly direction over high, rolling hills covered with scrubby oaks, quaking aspens and maples, for about ten miles, where I came into a smooth valley about twenty miles in circumference, called 'Ogden's Hole,' with the fork of the same name running through it. Here the snow was about fifteen inches deep on the level."

"Weaver's Fork is now known as Weber River."

"Sincerely,

"W. H. Reeder."

THANKS, Judge Reeder. Now we are sure that knotty question is settled.

MAY I add here," says Gladys B. Kennard, of Brigham, "that I think the *Era* is keeping one jump ahead of the progress of the times." We've puzzled a bit over that note, but have decided that it is meant as a compliment.

MRS. BESSIE B. DECKER, Arapine, Arizona, writes a letter in which she says she gets considerable enjoyment as well as opportunity to teach the Gospel out of her association with poetry clubs. "Anyone interested in joining poetry clubs which give help and encouragement to beginners, publish their own magazines, and conduct contests, correspondence among members, and birthday showers, etc., will please write to me for information." Mrs. Decker's address is Mrs. Bessie B. Decker, Arapine, Arizona.

YOU have been improving the magazine in every line," says Maud E. Uschold, Lacon, Illinois. "It's splendid."

MANY people have the same ideas, frequently, and therefore we enjoy them when someone expresses them in print. For instance: "I enjoyed reading the entire magazine and especially the influence of the Mountains on the Mormon people," says Herbert H. McKussick, Miami, Arizona. "Surely our surroundings have much to do with our lives and it is good to see someone putting it in print, even though it is not as tangible, perhaps, as an article might be on The Gold Standard—for example. I am back in the west again, and happily so. After seven months in central Texas, the plains country, it is good to be back in these Arizona hills, back with my family again."

OUR fiction writers, as well as our other contributors, are likely to enjoy this friendly statement from Miss Phyllis Mendenhall, Grace, Idaho: "I admire the type of stories that are printed in *The Improvement Era*, and as a member of the L. D. S. Church, I wish to say that there is no magazine that I desire to read in preference to yours."

OPINIONS regarding dry farming seem to differ about as widely as they do on other subjects. Even before M. S. Atkinson's letter setting us straight on the subject got out to our readers in our September number along came a word from Mrs. Eugene Olsen, Iona, Idaho. "I have lived on a dry farm," says Mrs. Olsen. "And I want you to know how much I enjoyed reading Dorothy Clapp Robinson's story—'Out of the Dust.' Am glad to hear you are soon going to publish another one of her stories."

THEIR EYES OPENED



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